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The translation being:

"Nought was, but motionlessness and silence, in the darkness, in the night. Alone, the Creator, the Moulder, the Dominator, the Plumed Serpent, Those who engender, Those who give life, brood over the deep, like a growing light."

The likeness to the Stanzas of Dzyan is striking, even in these few lines. It comes out even more clearly, when the whole passage from which they are taken is read:

"This is the narration of how all was in suspense, all was calm and silent; all was motionless, all was at rest, and the immensity of the heavens was void.

"The face of the world was not yet manifest; only the quiet deep existed, and all the expanse of the heavens.

"Nought yet existed that was embodied, nor anything that adhered to anything; nought that soared or rustled, or made a sound throughout the heavens.

"There was nought that stood upright; there was only the quiet and illimitable deep; for nought existed yet.

"Nought was, but motionlessness and silence, in the darkness, in the night. Alone, the Creator, the Moulder, the Dominator, the Plumed Serpent, Those who engender, Those who give life, brood over the deep, like a growing light.

"They are clothed in green and azure, therefore they are called the Plumed Serpent; theirs is the being of the greatest sages. Thus the Heavens exist; thus also the Heart of the Heavens; such is the name of the Divinity; thus is He named."

The history of the book, from which these opening sentences are taken, has long been public property. It was "discovered" by the Dominican friar, Father Francisco Ximenez, about the year 1675, in southern Mexico, at the Quiché town of Santo Tomas Chichicas-tenango, "nine miles south of Santa Cruz del Quiché, and sixty-six miles north of Guatemala." The good Dominican can hardly be suspected of having invented it. With hot indignation, he described its cosmogony as a "devil's travesty of the Holy Scriptures." But, having denounced it, he preserved the text, and compiled a voluminous dictionary of the Quiché language—a language still widely spoken to-day. Armed with this dictionary, a work as remarkable as the great Aztec-Spanish dictionary of Molinos, printed in Mexico City before 1575, the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg printed the Quiché text, with a French translation, and published it at Paris, in 1861. There are several copies in American libraries. From one of those, the present extracts are made.

The Aztec tongue is still spoken in its purity in many native towns within a few miles of Mexico City, by tens of thousands of descendants of the race that ruled, and tyrannously ruled, central Mexico and the

immensely fertile plateau of Anahuac, for several centuries before the coming of Hernando Cortes, just four hundred years ago. Las Casas, the great missionary and protector of the natives of Mexico, who followed close in the footsteps of Cortes, speaks of picture-writing and phonetic symbols in use among the Aztecs, and similar writing was found among the Mayas and Quichés, in southern Mexico, Yucatan and Guatemala. It is a matter of history that the Latin alphabet was taught to Mexican natives of the upper classes, which included the priesthood, as early as 1522, within three years of the landing of Cortes, who reached the Mexican coast on Good Friday, 1519, and named the place of his landing "the City of the Holy Cross," or Vera Cruz. It is, therefore, easy enough to understand how one of the Quiché priesthood, in possession of a picture-written scroll of the Guatemalan Secret Doctrine, was able to transcribe it in Spanish characters, putting it in the form in which, a few years later, it was "discovered" and denounced by Father Ximenez at Chichicas-tenango.

With these explanations, the extracts from the opening Stanza of the Guatemalan Secret Doctrine may be continued:

"Thus did His Word come, with the Dominator and the Plumed Serpent, in the darkness and in the night. Thus the Word spoke with the Dominator, the Plumed Serpent.

"They spoke together and took counsel and meditated; they understood each other; they joined their words and counsel.

"As they took counsel, the day began to break; at the moment of dawn, Man was manifested, while they held counsel on the forthcoming and the growth of forests and plants, on the nature of animal and human life, formed in the darkness and in the night, by Him who is the Heart of the Heavens, whose name is the Great Breath."

Students of the Secret Doctrine will easily recognize in the sentences the teaching of the Logos, which Philo of Alexandria, an Initiate of the Egyptian Lodge, so finely calls "the Mind of God," with the formation in the Logos, in "the thoughts of God," of the outlined plan for the early Rounds, in which Life was to be manifested, in mineral, vegetable, animal, and human form.

The Atlantean mystery-name, which is here rendered "the Great Breath," has, curiously enough, found its way into many modern European tongues. In the Quiché text, it is "Hurakan," the "Storm-wind," from which come the English "hurricane" and the French "ouragan." The Logos, therefore, in the Quiché text, is Hurakan: "the Wind that bloweth whither it listeth." The triune nature of the Logos is set forth in the next sentences of the Stanza:

"The Lightning is the first sign of the Great Breath; the Furrow of the Lightning is the second sign; the Thunder is the third sign. And these three are the Heart of the Heavens.

"They came with the Dominator, the Plumed Serpent; They took counsel concerning intelligent life: how the seeds should be formed, how the light should come, who should be the sustainers, the support of the divinities."

Then the beginning of manifestation is recorded, with its splendid spiritual motive: that the heavens might declare the glory of God, that the firmament might show His handiwork:

"'Thus shall it be done! Be ye filled! Let the waters withdraw and cease to be a hindrance, so that the world may come into being, that it may become firm and manifest its surface; that it may receive seed, and that the light may shine in the heavens and on the earth. For We shall receive neither glory nor honour from all that We have created and formed, until Man exists, the being endowed with intelligence.'

"Thus They spoke, while the world was being formed by Them. Thus did the birth of things take place, thus did the world come into being. 'World!' They said, and immediately the world took form.

"Like a mist, like a cloud, was the world formed when it took shape, when the mountains appeared above the waters. And in an instant the great hills came into being.

"Only by a marvellous force and power was it possible to carry out what had been decided upon: the formation of mountains and valleys, with cypresses and pines upon their surface.

"Then the Plumed Serpent was filled with joy: 'Thou art Welcome!' He cried, 'O Heart of the Heavens! O Hurakan! O Furrow of the Lightning! O Thunderbolt!'

"'What We have brought into being and formed, shall have its accomplishment,' They answered."

It is not difficult to see in the Plumed Serpent, who has his symbol in the seal of The Theosophical Society, the Power called Fohat, "cosmic electricity," who ran circular errands throughout the universe. The progress of the earlier Rounds is then rapidly, yet beautifully outlined:

"And first were formed the earth, the mountains and the plains; the course of the waters was divided; the rivers made their way among the mountains; it was in this order that the waters came into being, when the great hills were revealed.

"Thus was the creation of the world, when it was formed by Them, Who are the Heart of the Heavens and the Heart of the earth; for thus are They named, who first made fruitful the heavens and the earth, that had been suspended inert in the midst of the waters.

"Thus was the world made fruitful, when They made it fruitful, while its development and its completion were being meditated upon by Them."

So far, the first chapter of the Popol Vuh, the Guatemalan Secret Doctrine, covering the cosmic dawn, and the first Round, in which germinated the creative seeds carried over from past manvantaras.

The second chapter covers, in the same rapid way, and with a like use of symbolism, the second and third Round, in which vegetable and animal life came into being.

"Then They gave fertility to the creatures of the mountains, to the guardians of the forests; the creatures that dwell among the mountains, the deer, the birds, the lions, the tigers, the serpents, vipers, snakes, guardians of creeping plants.

"Thus spake He who engenders, He who gives life: 'Was it to remain in silence, to continue without movement, that the shaded woods and creeping plants were made? Therefore it is good that there are beings to dwell among them!'

"Thus They spoke, while They brought fertility into being; and forthwith beasts and birds came into being. Then They gave the beasts and birds their dwellings:

"'Thou, deer, along the river banks and in the ravines shalt thou sleep; here shalt thou rest, in the brushwood and undergrowth. In the forests shall ye multiply, on four feet shall ye go!' Thus was it fulfilled, as it was declared to them.

"The dwelling places of the greater and the lesser birds were given to them in like manner: 'Birds, ye shall dwell in the tree-tops and among the creeping plants; there shall ye make your nests and there shall ye increase! Ye shall dwell upon the branches of the trees and among the twigs of the creeping plants!' Thus was it declared to the deer and to the birds; and they took possession of their dwelling places and their lairs. Thus to the creatures of the earth did He who engenders, and He who gives life, distribute their abodes.

"Therefore, when all were made, both beasts and birds, it was proclaimed to the beasts and birds by the Creator, by the Moulder, by Him who engenders, by Him who gives life:

"'Cry out! Sing! Since the power to cry out and sing has been given to you; let your voices be heard, each according to his kind, according to his race!' Thus was it said to the deer, to the birds, to the lions, the tigers and the serpents:

"'Call upon Our names! Honour Us, who are your Mother and Father! Call upon Hurakan, the Great Breath, upon the Furrow of the Lightning, upon the Thunderbolt! Call upon the Heart of the Heavens, the Heart of the Earth, upon the Creator, the Moulder, upon Him who engenders, upon Him who gives life! Give voice! Call upon Us! Greet Us!' Thus was it proclaimed to them.

"But to them it was not given to speak as man speaks; they could only chatter, or trill, or croak, without semblance of speech, each one uttering his proper sound.

"When the Creator and the Moulder understood that the creatures could not speak, They said once more to each other:

"'The creatures cannot utter Our names, though We be their Creators, their Moulders. It is not well!' Thus They said to one another,—He who engenders and He who gives life.

"And to the creatures it was proclaimed: 'Ye shall be changed, because it is not given to you to utter speech. Therefore, We have changed Our purpose: Your food and your sustenance ye shall retain; your lairs and your dwellings ye shall possess. They shall be the woods and the ravines. But Our glory is not perfect, since ye call not upon Our names.

"'Other beings shall come into existence, who will have the power to call upon Us; We shall give them power to obey. Fulfil, therefore, your destinies! As for your bodies, they shall be consumed! . . . '"

This closes the third Round. Nowhere, perhaps, in the Scriptures of the world does there exist a finer, nobler definition of man, than this in the Popol Vuh, the Quiché Scripture of Guatemala: Man is the being who can worship. Man is the being who can pray and call upon the Divinity. Man is the being to whom is given the power to obey.

From this point, from the opening, namely, of the fourth Round, the parallelism between the Popol Vuh and the Stanzas of Dzyan, as expounded in *The Secret Doctrine,* becomes exceedingly close. In symbolism, it is true, but in a symbolism that hardly veils the truth, is set forth the history of the earlier races; the first formative attempts, when "Nature, unaided, failed." The stanzas follow:

"Thereupon a new effort to form beings was made by the Creator and the Moulder, by Him who engenders, by Him who gives life: 'Let the trial be made again! The time of the seeds approaches. The dawn is at hand. Let Us make those who shall support and sustain Us!

"'How shall We compass it that We may be invoked and commemorated upon the face of the earth? We have made trial already of Our first work, Our first creation. They cannot call upon Our names, nor honour Us. Therefore let Us make beings who may obey and worship Us, beings who may nourish and sustain Us.'

"Thus did they speak. Then took place the creation and the moulding of a new being; of wet clay his flesh was moulded. But They saw that Their work was not good. For the new creature was without coherence, without stability, without movement, without strength, watery and feeble. He could not move his head. His face was turned in one direction only. His vision was veiled and he could not look backwards. He had received the gift of utterance, but he was without understanding. In the waters he melted away, and was not able to stand upright.

"Therefore once again the Creator and the Moulder spoke. 'The greater our labour over him, the less can he go forth and multiply. Therefore, let us seek to make an intelligent being!' said They.

"So They once more unmade and destroyed Their handiwork and Their creation. Thereupon They said: 'How shall We bring to being creatures that may adore Us and invoke Us?'"

The next stanzas introduce two mysterious beings, to whom are given, in the old Atlantean tongue, the names of Shpiyacoc and Shmucané, "the Hunters who shoot upward and downward with Their blowpipes." It is a symbol somewhat like that of the mystical opening verses of Genesis, when the Lord God breathed into the nostrils of man the breath of life; but the power suggested in the Guatemalan Scripture seems to be spiritual rather than vital fire, the enkindling fire of Buddhi. In other words, these two mystery beings, with their strange, harsh-sounding names, seem to represent the hosts of the Planetary Spirits, the descending Manasaputras, without the infusion of whose life there can be no intelligent mankind; without the inbreathing of whose life-breath, Nature, unaided, fails. The stanzas follow:

"Then They said, as They took counsel once more with one another: 'Let Us call to Our aid Shpiyacoc and Shmucané, the Hunters who shoot upward and downward with the blowpipe. Let Them seek once more to cast the lot of man, to divine the time of his formation!'

"Then to these Seers, ancestors of the sun, ancestors of light, They spoke. For thus are They called by the Creator and the Moulder. They spoke to the Lord of the sun, to the Lord of formative power, to the Seers, saying:

"'The time has come for Us to agree upon the signs of the man We are to create, that he may uphold Us and sustain Us, so that We may be invoked and worshipped!

"'Begin, then, to speak, O Thou who engenderest and Thou who givest birth! Our Grandmother and Grandfather, Shpiyacoc, Shmucané! Let the seeds germinate! Let the dawn come! . . .'"

But the time had not yet come; for the newly formed man, the man of the second and early third Race, though more coherent than the first, yet lacked intelligence. The symbol is a quaint one, and there is, in the narrative, a certain strain of genuine humour:

"In the same moment there came into being a manikin made of wood. Men were produced, who thereupon peopled the earth. They increased, they multiplied, but their offspring were manikins made of wood. They had neither heart nor understanding, nor remembrance of their Creator. Their life was purposeless, like the lives of beasts.

"They remembered not the Heart of the Heavens; and this is how they failed: they were but a makeshift and a failure; at first they spoke, but their faces dried up; without firmness were their feet and hands; they had neither blood nor substance; the cheeks of their faces were dry; their feet and hands were stiff, their bodies were devoid of suppleness.

"This is why they bethought them not to raise their faces towards

their Creator, their Father, their Providence. These were the first men who dwelt in numbers on the surface of the earth.

"Thereupon came their end, their ruin and their destruction, the ruin of these manikins made of wood, who were put to death.

"The waters began to swell, through the will of the Heart of the Heavens, and a great flood came, which rose above the heads of the manikins made of wood. . . . Thus was their destruction: they were overwhelmed by a flood, and thick pitch descended upon them from the heavens. . . .

"It is said that their descendants are the monkeys who dwell in the forests to-day; they became monkeys in the woods, because they were manikins made of wood. This is why the monkeys look like men. They are of another race, sprung from the manikins made of wood." . . .

Then at last, with the incarnation of the Manasaputras, true men came into being:

"They spoke and they reasoned. They saw and they heard. They walked, they had feeling; beings perfect and beautiful, whose faces were the faces of men.

"Intelligence dwelt in them. They looked, they raised their eyes, their vision embraced all things; they beheld the whole world, and, when they contemplated it, their vision turned in an instant from the vault of the heavens, to regard anew the surface of the earth.

"Things most deeply hidden they saw at will, without need of moving beforehand; and when they turned their vision upon the world, they beheld all that it contains.

"Great was their wisdom; their genius was extended over the forests, over the rocks, over the lakes and seas, over the mountains and over the valleys. Truly marvellous were they. . . .

"Then they gave thanks to their Creator, saying: 'In truth, we give all manner of thanks! We have received being, we have received life! We speak, we hear, we think, we walk; we perceive and know equally that which is far and that which is near.

"'We behold all things, great and small, in the heavens and upon earth. Thanks, therefore, to You, we have come into being, O Creator, O Moulder! We have life, O our Ancestress, our Ancestor!' Thus did they speak, rendering thanks for their creation and their being.

"And they encompassed the measure and perception of all that is—the four corners and the four angles of the heavens and of the earth."

Years ago Mme. H. P. Blavatsky called attention to this description in the Popol Vuh of the early divine race, who saw and knew all things, through their possession of the Third Eye. How that miraculous eye was dimmed is related in the following stanza:

"But the Creator and the Moulder were displeased when They saw these things. 'What these creatures tell us, is not well! They know all things, great and small!'

"Therefore They once more took counsel of Him who engenders, of Him who gives life: 'What are we to do with them? Let their vision be diminished! Let them see but a small part of the surface of the earth!

"'It is not well! Their nature is not the nature of creatures! They will be as gods if, at the time of the seeds and of the dawn, they do not procreate and multiply.

"'Let Us diminish Our handiwork, that there may be something lacking; for what We behold is not well! Will they not seek to be equal to Us who have made them, whose knowledge stretches far, embracing all things?'

"Thus it was said by the Heart of the Heavens, by Hurakan the Great Breath, by the Furrow of the Lightning, by the Thunderbolt, by Him who engenders, by Him who gives life, Shpiyacoc, Shmucané, the Builder, the Moulder. Thus did They speak, labouring once more on the fashioning of Their handiwork.

"Then a mist was breathed over the pupils of their eyes by the Heart of the Heavens; their eyes were veiled, like a mirror breathed upon. They saw only what was near. This alone remained clear to them.

"Thus was the wisdom and knowledge of these men taken away, with its principle and its source. Thus were formed and created our ancestors and our fathers, by the Heart of the Heavens, by the Heart of the earth.

"Then their wives came into being, and their women were formed. The Creator took counsel once more, and, while they slept, they received beautiful wives, and when they awoke, their wives were there. And their hearts were filled with joy because of them. From them sprang all mankind, all the races, great and small. . . .

"Many men came into being and multiplied. They lived together, and great was their renown in the lands of the Sunrise.

"They lived in happiness, races black and white; peaceful was their aspect, sweet were their words, great was their intelligence. All were of one speech; they invoked neither wood nor stone, remembering only the word of their Creator, the Heart of the Heavens, the Heart of the earth. And thus they prayed:

"'Salutation to Thee, O Creator! Thou who seest and hearest us! Abandon us not, nor turn away from us! O Divinity, who art in heaven and on earth, continue our posterity so long as the sun shall move, so long as the dawn shall break! Let the seeds germinate! Let the light come!

"'Grant to us to walk always in open ways, in paths without ambush! Let us ever remain at peace with our people; let our lives pass in happiness! Grant us a life free from reproach! Let the seeds germinate! Let the light come!'"

FRAGMENTS

I.

The world cannot hate you; but me it hateth; because I testify of it, that the works thereof are evil.—John 7:7.

IF the world hate me not, therefore, it behooveth me as a servant of Christ Jesus to consider wherefore *not;* and how it comes that the disciple wear not the livery of his Lord. Should I not at least have that speech which, like Peter's, would betray me, arousing the suspicion of the world, and its consequent coldness? Why should I desire the friendship and approbation of those who hated my Master? "The world *cannot* hate you," said Jesus to those relatives of his; blessed Lord, forbid it that utter worldliness should ever make it possible to pronounce such condemnation upon me!

If the world hate me, it behooveth me again to consider wherefore. It might perchance be that it hated me from envy, in that I excelled in worldliness and its successes; or that I could not even measure up to the low standards of its demands. It is not the mere hating, therefore, which should content me, but the reason of it. The world must take knowledge of me that I have been with Jesus, and it can only do this as it perceives in me that likeness which comes from constant association and imitation. I may gauge this in myself: for in the former case I shall be either distressed and restless over my unjust fate, or filled with unctuous self-complacency at my superior virtue. In the second case, I shall meekly glory in the dignity my Lord hath conferred upon me, even while I feel most humbled that the pure eyes of the angels should behold my unworthiness. This too will fill me with an ardent zeal to attain that perfection which alone can justify his grace toward me, so great a sinner.

II.

The shadows lengthen and the cool wind blows in from the desert. The day is drawing to its end. What, O Shepherd of the stars, have we to offer thee as harvest of these hours? Thy strength have we been using; thy time (so dearly bought!). Thy life, in which alone we live, has been our trust, to profit by, or waste. The roof of thy solicitude has vaulted us with the pure blue of heaven; the waters of thy grace

have slaked our thirst; the sunshine of thy smile has filled the world, and thy companionship has been its atmosphere. What have we done with all these gifts, dear Lord? What do we bring thee as the daylight folds its wings?

Our deeds are like wee grains of sand. Laid in thy dear hand the scar there hides them,—mercifully. Look in our hearts—thy hearts, these gardens thou hast planted, of which we have made such wastes. See, in this corner I have weeded to-day; and in this corner, I!—and I!—Lord, dost thou see? And here I have pruned a rose, and tied a vine, and placed support for a fragile stem. Lord, dost thou see? And, Lord, the sun was hot while we were toiling, and our backs, unused to toil, ached beneath the strain. So we idled much, and lay down in the shade. Those moments sting us now like poisoned thorns; we are thankful for the aching back and burning sun, whose recollection brings us peace.

So we have repentance that we offer, and gratitude; and recognition of a guiding hand and charity for weakness and for ignorance. We know these will not fail us. So we pray for clearer faith to-morrow, deeper trust, the energy of hope, the courage to endure. All must be for some great purpose of thine own; in that we rest.

May thy compassion brood o'er us this night; thy white souled angels watch us while we sleep. *Amen.* CAVÉ.

What is that middle path, O Bhikkhu [*disciple*], *avoiding these two extremes,* [*sensuality and painful asceticism*] *discovered by the Tathâgata—that path which opens the eyes, and bestows understanding, which leads to peace of mind, to the higher wisdom, to full enlightenment, to Nirvâna? Verily it is this noble eightfold path: that is to say:*

Right views:
Right aspirations:
Right speech:
Right conduct:
Right livelihood:
Right effort:
Right mindfulness: and
Right contemplation.

—BUDDHIST SUTTAS.

THEOSOPHY

A LECTURE*

LUNCHING with friends to-day, I asked them if they would be good enough to suggest one or two of the misconceptions regarding Theosophy and The Theosophical Society which it would be as well to remove, if possible, on this occasion. One of them said he thought it would be wise to explain that I am speaking, this afternoon, as a member of The Theosophical Society that was founded by Madame Blavatsky and friends of hers, in 1875; and that this Society has no connection whatsoever either with the Society in India which is under the leadership of Mrs. Annie Besant, or with the Society at Point Loma which also occasionally uses the name of Theosophy. Anyone who knows anything about us will have realized, without that explanation, and even without any intimate acquaintance with us, that we could not possibly be connected with an organization of individuals who *seem,* at least, to have been doing their utmost to create discontent,—in India particularly; or, in the other case, with an organization which urges a premature friendliness with an unrepentant Germany.

It was also suggested that it would be well to make it clear that Theosophy is not a religion. Some people seem to think it is a sect. Now there are enough sects—enough creeds—in the world, without adding to their number. Theosophy is not a religion. It is a means by which religions can be understood; just as it is a means by which sciences can be understood, and, more important than anything else, a means by which life can be understood.

Those were the only two points that I can remember now, that were suggested; but it occurred to me that it would be as well to explain further that Theosophy is nothing new. Some people seem to think that it is one of the innumerable movements of modern times, invented by individuals, and, I am afraid, in a great many instances conducted for the benefit of those individuals;—a sort of new revelation; or a new method of never becoming ill; or of making money without trouble.

Actually, The Theosophical Society is extravagantly old-fashioned. I believe, and I hope, that it is the most old-fashioned organization in this country at the present time,—old-fashioned, because, among other things, it believes in tradition, in honour, in womanhood. It believes in all sorts of things in which the modern world seems to have lost its faith. Among other things, it believes that the past contains many lessons which we must understand, if we are going to understand the

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present, or act intelligently for the future. Perhaps we might say that the best evidence of our old-fashioned attitude toward the world in general, was given during the War. We have a magazine,—the official organ of the Society,—called the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY. And from the very beginning of the War, in 1914, article after article appeared in that magazine, protesting against our national neutrality. We were old-fashioned enough to believe that our neutrality at that time was dishonouring; to believe that there was a principle at stake; that every man who loved righteousness had a duty to perform; that we ought to have drawn whatever weapons we possessed, or, if we possessed no weapons at all, that we ought to have fought without them, on general principles. Throughout the war, not only in the QUARTERLY, but at Convention after Convention of the Society, declarations were made, on behalf of the Society, unanimously asserting that we had certain duties, as a nation and as individuals, and that neutrality in itself,—assuming for one moment that a moral question was at issue,—that national neutrality is just as criminal, just as repulsive, as the lukewarmness so graphically described by Saint John the Evangelist.

There is a great deal going on at the present time toward which we adopt what some would call an old-fashioned attitude. For instance, a few days ago (it should be clearly understood that we have no concern whatsoever with politics), it was stated in the *New York Times* that the official representative of this great nation had argued against Brussels as the headquarters of the proposed League of Nations on the ground that Belgium had suffered so many wrongs. Now if that means anything at all, it means that because Brussels was involved in the war; because Belgium, instead of assenting to the violation of treaties, resisted the aggressor and fought for international righteousness,—therefore she must continue to be a centre of discord and cannot be a centre of justice. We do not understand that and do not, in a sense, wish to understand it. I note it here because it seems to suggest the antithesis of that which is typical of the Society. We are inclined to look at things in a simple and direct way. We have an extraordinary reverence for facts, but no use whatsoever for dreams. We feel that when it comes to the solution of a problem like the headquarters for a League of Nations, the reasons advanced against Brussels are no reasons. It seems to us as if individuals who are reasoning in that way are the victims of a distorted vision which is one of the symptoms of a modern disease,—a disease which makes people behave, all over the world, as if they had just come out of a sleep induced by ether.

Now why is it that we are not only old-fashioned, but are thankful that we are? Why is it that, instead of being innovators, we are, in fact, deliberately, consciously, trying to keep alive in the world an old tradition? For the understanding of this, we have to go back to 1875, when The Theosophical Society was founded. I want to remind you

what the condition of the world was at that time. Few to-day realize the enormous change that has taken place since then. In 1875 both science and religion were hide-bound. Both of them had iron-clad creeds; they were narrow-minded to a degree. Science was still something of an innovation. But science, which ought to have been based upon sound principle, had misunderstood that principle, and in place of a principle had already put a creed. Now the principle ought to have been that knowledge is based upon experience,—not upon the experience of one man, but upon the experience of a series of experimenters. And science, instead of adopting that platform, adopted it with vital limitations. Science declared that knowledge can be derived only from experiment, from the observation of so-called facts, but added that these facts can only be derived from the use of the physical senses. Science in that way narrowed itself almost incredibly. Nothing was real except what you could see and touch and weigh. For that reason, science was opposed to religion,—looked upon it as a collection of superstitions. And religion, in its turn, narrowing itself down as it did, so as to accept one revelation, contained in one book, given out by one authority, and discrediting its real foundation—the universal experience of mankind—turned upon science as its enemy, trying to destroy it, just as science tried to destroy religion.

The only other important factor in that situation was spiritualism. Spiritualism, in 1875, was quite the vogue,—the fashion,—and spiritualism declared that all the phenomena with which it was acquainted, were the product of the intervention of spirits from the other world. Science, of course, jeered at that attitude. Religion looked upon it as blasphemous.

At that time, and in those conditions, Madame Blavatsky stepped into the arena. She was a born fighter, and she came into the world to fight. She attacked, not science, but the narrow-mindedness of scientists; not religion, but what she defined as "churchianity,"—the crystallization of forms and creeds. That crystallization she assailed furiously, and very few people to-day can realize the extent to which she damaged the reputation of both, necessarily having to destroy before she could construct, or before construction could be begun. She pointed out to the scientists that while they were entitled, each one in his place, to limit his range of observation, to confine himself to any given section of nature, he had no right to dogmatize concerning the limits to which nature extended; he had no right to declare that his own little department was all that nature contained; no right to assert that there might not be worlds unseen, as well as worlds seen.

Members of the Society as well as Madame Blavatsky did everything that they could do to prove their point. They turned to the sciences of the past; they turned to records of the inexplicable; they asked the scientists of 1875 whether they were going to throw overboard the experience of centuries. Turning to religion, they asserted that it

is impossible to understand one religion only, without taking into account other expressions of the religious life,—just as it is impossible to understand and to use effectively one language only. Pointing to the history of the world, they asserted (in this they were without sufficient proof, perhaps, although since then the proof has been accumulating),—they asserted that mankind had been existing on earth, not for four or five thousand years, but for hundreds of thousands of years; that our civilization is not the first, but that civilization has followed civilization for ages, and that each has produced its own efflorescence, its own particular type of wisdom. They declared that so long as the Church confined itself, as it was doing, to the record of one religion only, or of one sect only,—to that particular line of experience, that particular type,—it could not conceivably understand even its own type. It was pointed out, for instance, that, after all, Christ was an oriental and was speaking to orientals; and it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, for a European or an American to enter into the spirit of His teaching, unless also acquainted, through other channels, with the peculiar approach of the oriental mind when it comes to deal with man and with the universe.

Now, since that day, very much, in one sense, has been accomplished. Scientists are beginning to discover the limitations of their own methods. More than that, as the result of their own methods, narrow as they were, they have been forcing their way into the unseen world, or, rather, the unseen world has been forcing itself upon them. They have been dealing more and more with invisibles,—the X-ray, and so on. . . . One thing after another has happened within the world of science which has compelled science to recognize that the objective,—that is to say, the things that can be sensed or measured, are the results and not the causes, so far as the outer activities of the universe are concerned. There is always the unseen back of the seen; the finer forces responsible for the action of the grosser forces.

And yet, in spite of that progress along its own line, it was said truly at one of the meetings of the Convention yesterday, that Bolshevism as we see it today is the logical product of the so-called scientific attitude,—the attitude which sees in human life the end and not the means; which sees in the prolongation of physical life the greatest achievement open to man; the attitude which is materialistic through and through. Anyone who knows anything of a modern American university will realize that if you take the professorial body as a whole, most of them, even though they do not call themselves Socialists,—certainly not willingly, I think, do they call themselves Bolshevists,—are yet saturated with Socialism, because they are materialists. If you once grant that the only thing which ought to be taken into account, if you would serve humanity, is the physical well-being of humanity, I do not say that even then Bolshevism is the logical outcome, or that

Socialism is the logical outcome—I do not believe they would be,—but I do think that if you grant those materialistic premisses, you can affirm almost anything you choose as resulting from those premisses. If you conceive that physical well-being is the only thing in life really worth striving for, then whatever a man considers will be profitable and convenient is the thing to which he has a right. Socialism has been defined as a method of obtaining as much pleasure as possible with as little effort as possible. Who can blame a man for adopting that philosophy of life if he thinks he lives for forty or fifty or sixty years,—whatever it may be,—and that that is the end as far as he is concerned!

If it be true that one of the results of this misunderstanding of true science is Bolshevism, it is equally true that while the Church in its turn has progressed enormously since 1875; has liberated itself from some of its old shackles,—the main result is that the faith that it then had, narrow and dogmatic as it was, has been spread like a thin layer of butter over a vast surface of bread, absolutely without depth and practically also without taste. I do not know anything at the present time so inanimate, so lifeless, as the modern Church; and this, I am glad to say, is recognized by Church-goers themselves. They turn from Church to Church. They will leave the Episcopal Church and will join a Presbyterian Church, to see if there is not a little more life in that. And having joined a Presbyterian Church, and found that there is less instead of more life, they will join a Methodist Church. Then, having had a similar experience in the Methodist Church, they try out Christian Science, move from that to the Vedanta, or Rome, and so on. Assuming for one moment that they are really looking for life, and truth, and help, wandering from pillar to post, and do not find what they are seeking,—does it not follow that the clergy themselves do not possess that which these people seek? Is it not obvious that many of the clergy themselves have lost faith? What is the modern clergyman doing? He apologizes for whatever faith he has, and then starts, within his own Parish or ministry, as many clubs, mothers' meetings, boy-scout movements, and so forth, as he can raise money to support, and manages to keep together a congregation either by this means, or by dragging in widely advertised orators from the Bolshevist class, that his congregation may be titillated by means of new sensations.

I well know that there are some devout men in the Churches, men who are splendid in every sense of the word, men who must be revered. And yet, why was it that so many of them were absolutely without light and guidance during the great war? Why was it that among the few,—the very few,—in New York City who did speak out with comparative boldness, whose boldness, whose sense of honour ran away with their discretion,—why was it that in these few cases their statements so rarely carried the force of burning conviction? I can

remember a sermon delivered in a Fifth Avenue Church, not very many months before this country finally did get into the war, in which it was suggested that the time might come in the future (this was supposed to be a terrific utterance, most dangerous and hairlifting), the time might come when this nation would feel that, in spite of the great principle of neutrality, . . . it would have to exert its influence against the unwarrantable aggressions taking place in Europe.

Both science and religion are in need, whether they realize it or not. And there is this difference between scientists and the clergy: the clergy recognize their need in a great many cases, and scientists, I am sorry to say, very rarely do. They are self-satisfied. They have no reason to be, but they are. And so long as a man is contented with himself and his method, there is not so very much hope for him. Among the clergy there is an avowed, and, in some cases, ostentatious disbelief in what they are doing.

The question is, whether Theosophy can meet the need that exists. We believe that it can. Theosophy insists that if scientists would enlarge their outlook and their method, their general approach toward life is sound, and could, with advantage, be adopted by the Church. We believe, in other words, that religion ought to be, and when properly understood *is,* an experimental science. What is religion for? What is the purpose of religion? Is it not,—ought it not to be,—to help a man to understand the science of life; to help him to recognize that life is the greatest of all arts, the greatest of all sciences; to insist that it is not an easy thing to live? It is a supremely difficult thing to live. Most people think anybody can live who can eat. Now, supposing the modern clergyman were to adopt that as one of the planks in his platform, and were to say: My friends, you all think you can live; you don't know how. You should come here to study the art of life. Supposing he were to say: Christ was the great artist, the great scientist in matters of life. He came on earth to teach you how to live, to teach you the laws of life. I believe that if a clergyman were to talk that way long enough, and were to do his utmost to live as he preached, he would at last get a congregation made up of people who were responsive, and who would want to learn how to live; would want to get at the truth of things; who would want to be shown the principles which underlie right conduct, wise conduct.

Religion, as I have said, is the science of life, and not of life in any one department, not of life limited to the things you can touch and taste, but life as inclusive of all possible human experience; inclusive also, of course, of that which transcends human experience; life as infinite and life as eternal. If that attitude were adopted, how foolish it would be to ignore the past! Suppose that you were going to study some branch of modern science, what would you do? You would perhaps begin with the study of a text-book of some kind or other. That book

would contain the accumulated experience of generations of experimenters,—the tests they had made. And your instructors would not ask you blindly to accept their statements. They would say: this has been our experience; if you care to make these experiments, you can obtain the same results. That ought to be the attitude of anyone who undertakes to teach religion. He would give you a text book, perhaps several text books; he would go back into the past to verify the results of his own experience. He would have discovered that thousands of years ago, men had the same religious experience that they have to-day. Whether he were to turn to China or to India, to Egypt or even to Mexico, he would find the same symbols used, the same doctrines taught; —the language varying, of course, greatly, from age to age, but none the less, in spite of that difference of language, the same essential truth. He would turn to a book such as the *Bhagavad Gita,*—one of the greatest scriptures of India, written many hundreds of years ago, long before the time of Christ; and yet, so long ago, written as the synthesis of a dozen different systems of philosophy prevalent at the time; written for the purpose of reconciling different schools of philosophical and religious thought. He would study that book, and if he ever really understood it, he would discover it to be one of the most instructive treatises on Christian theology that he had ever read, because it is dealing with human life and human experience,—with the relation of the soul to God.

"In thy thoughts, do all thou dost for Me!" Krishna is speaking, and the reason I am going to quote this is that you will see that the same words might have been used by St. John of the Cross, attempting, in that case, to speak for *his* Master. It is as if Christ were there speaking to one of His saints:

"In thy thoughts
Do all thou dost for Me! [that is, for the Logos, for God]
Renounce for Me!
Sacrifice heart and mind and will to Me!
Live in the faith of Me! In faith of Me
All dangers thou shalt vanquish by My grace:
But, trusting to thyself and heeding not,
Thou canst but perish!"

Finding in it, as I have said, both a spirit and a purpose so extraordinarily like that which you find in the best writings of the Christian Church, you might read further, and then perhaps you would find a slight difference.

"Never the spirit was born; the spirit shall cease to be never;
Never was time it was not; End and Beginning are dreams!
Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the spirit for ever;
Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems!"

And that, again, is a statement attributed to the teacher—the great Being—who was recognized in those days as a Messenger from heaven. You will find a slight difference there, not a difference if you compare it with the Bible, but a difference if you compare it with the teaching ordinarily advanced in Churches.

"Never the spirit was not; the spirit shall cease to be never; birthless,"—that which has a beginning has an end. That which is immortal in the future is immortal in the past. Hume pointed that out many, many years ago. And that is Christianity. I do not mean that anyone has to believe it in order to be saved. But anybody has to believe it who wishes to be logical and consistent. And it is strictly in accord with Christianity. "Before Abraham was, I am."

However, my point is this: wherever you turn in the ancient world, whether to the great religions or to the mysteries, you will find that the essence of their doctrines is exactly the same as the essence of the doctrine that we know as Christianity. If you will compare the writings of Saint Paul, for instance, with those of Shankaracharya, you will find that both were writing from their own experience of things which they knew and had tested, and that what they were saying to their hearers was: do this same thing, and you also will find the same truth; carry out this same experiment, obey these same laws and, as a result, this knowledge will come to you. That is why any real student of Theosophy, recognizing the need of tradition as a check on the present, as a means of testing and of verifying current experience, has an immense respect for the past. No real student of Theosophy could ever be a revolutionary. He believes in progress. He believes in growth. But he does not believe that you can help a tree to grow by tearing it up by the roots; that you can create something out of nothing. The present is the outcome of the past, and the future will be the outcome of past and present. He is comforted by his belief, because, when these modern innovators begin to upset things, to tear things down so as to build on the débris they have created, he is inclined, like Kipling's oriental, to smile. He knows so well, as the result of his study of the past, that China tried Socialism ages ago, and got terribly tired of it. He knows that, when all is said and done, nature is orderly, and that nature cannot be cheated. Even her volcanoes are orderly in comparison with Bolshevism. Nature will take care of all these eccentricities, and will level them all out, restoring all things that ought to be restored. I do not mean that we should fold our hands and do nothing. On the contrary, I mean that we ought to co-operate with nature,—work with her, and not against her. But we can never work with her, never understand her, unless we have a huge respect for facts. Because facts are divine things. There are very few of them. It is enormously difficult to discover a fact. But when you discover it, cherish it; live by it. You will be rewarded. The facts of life,—

those are the things that interest students of Theosophy, not dreams about life. Ideals are dreams unless we stand on facts.

The only way to realize an ideal,—and you cannot live without ideals,—is to ask yourself, not how you can jump to the ideal, but how you can step to the ideal,—to look one step ahead, to move very carefully, and then advance from one point to the next point. It does not matter whether you are trying to attain to consciousness of the Divinity, or whether you are trying to learn stenography; the only way to learn is to advance from point to point. . . . Facts are few, because principles are few, and very simple. The modern mind bewilders itself with the most elaborate balancing of expediencies. You see unfortunate statesmen in Europe,—or some of them, at least,—trying to do this at the present time. Others talk about principles, and you stop to examine the nature of those principles, and you find them a lot of unco-ordinated dogmas. Principles are eternal; changeless; laws of the spiritual life; laws of God; questions of right and wrong; questions of honour and dishonour. And there is not any question in life which, if seen through to the bone, may not be stated in terms of right and wrong. It is merely a question of insight, of understanding, of seeing things simply.

It is because students of Theosophy have such immense respect for facts that they see the world, and life, in a way that is different from the modern approach. They do not see the world or life as dull. They see it as an amazing romance. Granting that life is an expression of an eternal spirit or, to use slightly different terms, granting that God is responsible for the universe, that the universe is an unfolding of part of Himself, a manifestation of Divinity,—it must follow of necessity that instead of being a mechanical something, it is a romantic something; that instead of justice, divine justice, being a mechanical balancing of objective events, the real justice is a poetic justice,—because God-given. You see, the trouble with most people who call themselves Christians is, that they don't believe in Christ. They don't believe in Him at all. They have done their best to exile Him from earth. They don't realize that He moves among men to-day exactly as He did in Palestine after the resurrection. They find it difficult to swallow that part of their creed. What encouragement it would be for them if they would turn to the records of the great past! For then they would find that instead of being asked to believe something unique and therefore incredible, they are asked to believe something that can be vouched for from many different sources, in many different ways. Instead of an isolated miracle and a suspension of natural law, they are asked to accept something that is in strict accordance with the laws of nature and of life. But now, for lack of understanding, they do not believe in their Christ. It is one of the world's great tragedies. No wonder that Theosophy desires to revive among Christians a faith in their own Saviour, a faith in the one whose name they use and misuse.

Life is full of romance and the greatest romance that was ever written is the life of Christ. What did He come to do? He came to reveal the laws of life; yes. He came to show the way, to show the truth and the life. But He also came to reveal to mankind,—those who would condescend to listen to him,—that which is the destiny of all men. The first-born of many brethren, He came to rekindle,—to bring fire from heaven, like Prometheus of old,—to rekindle in the hearts of men, faith in themselves. And that seems to me to be the greatest of all modern needs; the greatest of all modern deficiencies. Taught at one period that they were descended from apes—slightly discouraged, perhaps, at the retrospect—they were also told, on the other hand, that they were souls specially created by God, without any past, and whose future depended upon His will only, and that that future would consist in an eternity of heaven which they did not want,—because you will agree with me that if you take the ordinary view of heaven, there is no one in this room who would want to go there. How grossly unfair it would be to attribute such teaching to Christ! He did not use modern language. He was talking to Jews, to fishermen, very ignorant, simple-minded. And yet, how evident it is—text after text could be quoted—how evident it is that He was holding up before the eyes of men a vision of eternal progress toward God. It is as if He came to each one personally and said: You, and you, and you think of yourselves as bodies, trying to grasp from life the little pleasure you can get out of it during the few years you are here. Do you not know that you are immortal, the children of God; that after ages and ages you must of necessity evolve, grow, into the full stature of my manhood, becoming as I am? He would have said,—and He *did* say,—there is no power in the universe which you are not destined to wield; no knowledge which you are not destined to acquire; no power of love or sympathy which does not lie latent in your heart. Believe in yourselves; believe that you are divine, because you are the children of God.

He wept over Jerusalem, because Jerusalem had sold its birthright for a mess of pottage. Would He not weep over the modern world,—*does* He not weep? I can see from here, as I stand, a glimpse of Fifth Avenue and Eighth Street. Would he not weep over that? See those people as they pass there. What are they thinking about? Where are they going to? Of what does their life consist? What is their hope? What is their desire? Are they feeling as if they were the children of God? What is their outlook on life,—this life as it is?

Well,—that is something of what a student of Theosophy thinks should be the message of the modern Church; something of the message that the modern scientist also should be able to draw from his researches, once he sees that the sphere of the mind and the sphere of the heart are just as much open to experiment as the sphere of matter. Soon or late, he must see for himself that he is a child of

God. He may not like it. He may even resent it. But, after all, facts are facts. It is not a question of whether a man wishes to live. He cannot kill himself. He can kill his body; that is all. It is not a question of whether he wishes to evolve. He must evolve. Nothing can stop it. And the truth of it is, he would like to grow. He would like to grow, because in his heart of hearts he longs to serve. More than that, if he understood more, he would long to co-operate with those who are the greatest of the servants of nature. He would long to co-operate with Christ.

That is the way, then, that students of Theosophy feel about Theosophy. They use the term as St. Paul used it. He spoke of Christ as the power of God and the wisdom of God (Theosophia). Because it is the wisdom of God, it is eternal light. Turned onto old forms and symbols, it reveals their ever old and yet ever new meaning. It reveals in all ages a new hope, a new purpose, a new destiny,—oh, yes! the old destiny, but seen at last for what it is,—seen at last in the glory of perpetual dawn. Theosophy: the old teaching of the mysteries; the old teaching of the world-saviours,—expressed in terms that men of to-day can understand, and so opening before them new and splendid vistas,—showing them a way to live and a way to die and a way to labour; showing them that man, in spite of himself, is to be saved; that man, in spite of himself, is to grow out of himself into the full measure of manhood. then to live as God means him to live, in a new heaven and on a new earth. That was the message of Christ; that is the message of Theosophy: a re-statement of old truths,—that is all.

E. T. H.

To go along that road, aye, and to reach the goal, is all one with the will to go; but it must be a strong and single will, not a broken-winged wish fluttering hither and thither, rising with one pinion, struggling and falling with the other.—St. Augustine.

LEAVES FROM A FARM ALMANAC

I.

A Message from Masters

IF THERE be one sure sign of the charlatan or the deluded dreamer it is the claiming to receive messages from Masters. But if there is one certain fact, that can be predicated with absolute surety about even the most recent aspirant to discipleship, it is that he receives such messages every day. The only question is, Has he learned to recognize them for what they are?

Mr. Judge used to say that he would not object so much to the time people spent upon their morning newspapers, if they would only read them as messages from the Masters—which they in fact were, for those who had really learned to read. But Mr. Judge was by no means a tyro in occultism, and for some of us smaller people the messages must be much more personally directed and labelled. The Master Christ likened himself to the good shepherd; and when one looks over a whole flock of sheep, and sees some wise and docile and keeping steadily to the appointed course, while others are very young and ignorant, or full of self-will and whims, there is no doubt at all as to which of the two classes will need the more constant attention of the shepherd, and receive the more frequent "messages" from him through the faithful, busy dogs. When I think of this simile, and of my own special ingenuity in finding unexpected ways in which to do things wrongly, and lose myself, and wander from the Path, I have no hesitancy at all in saying that I receive endless messages from Masters every day I live, and that without them I would not be alive at all. Here is one, that came to me to-day.

Ten days of violent rain had played havoc with our road to the Farm, and yesterday a heavy truck had become mired in it, sinking up to the hubs of the wheels and having to be dug out. We needed to make a rock bottom, and as the only rocks available on the Farm were both heavy and distant, I thought of the excavation that was in progress some half a mile from us, where a contractor, a Mr. Bowman, was doing some blasting. I walked over to see whether he could give me some rock and lend me some men.

The Italian, of whom I inquired for Mr. Bowman, told me he was not there as yet, but that I might ask "Joe," pointing out a negro who was tending the movable boiler which supplied steam for the drills. So I made my way to Joe and asked him if he knew where I could find

any men. He was a well set-up darky, very black, and very clear of skin and eye, dressed in old overalls and a black cap, such as engineers and firemen seem to affect. His looks did not suggest either the sheep dog or the Lodge messenger. Yet he proved to be both. He answered me pleasantly and courteously.

"No Sir, I don' think you'll fin' none 'round here. Men is mighty scarce 'round here. Mr. Bowman, he's short of 'em all de time, and can't get none. And down town the're jus' standin' 'roun' de corners in crowds. 'Pears like they don't wantter do nothin'. You asks 'em where the're workin'; and they says they aint workin' nowheres. You asks 'em if they wants a job; and they looks kind o' tired, and says, 'What kin' of a job?' An' when you tells 'em, they says they reckon they don't wan' to work jus' yet. They oughtter be an anti-loafin' law for them fellers—just as they was down in West Virginia whah I was raised. Aint good for nobody justter stand roun' all day on de corners."

"You are right there, Joe," I said. "Everybody ought to work at something."

"Yes, Sir, dat's what I says. I's been workin' since I was eight yeahs ol'. My father died then; an' my mother she wahnt no good, and I run away from home. Bime bye I was workin' for a man named Hoag, a white man. He had a farm. I thought he was awful hard on me. He made me get up at half-pas' four in de mornin', and water de stock and do de chores. I thought he was awful hard; makin' me do things all day long, tellin' me to do this and do that. But I come to know better. He taught me to work.

"I 'member when I was fourteen he says to me, 'Joe,' says he, 'you're too ol' a boy now to have me after yo' all de time, tellin' you what to do; tellin' you, do this and do that, pointin' out de wood pile as though you aint never seen one befo', or showin' you de corn needs hoein' as though you didn't know nothin' 'bout corn. You're too ol' a boy fo' such kind o' foolishness. You know what oughtter be done on this farm. *Now you go do it.*'

"I 'member studyin' 'bout that all day. It made me kind o' proud to think he'd trus' me that way; made me feel like I was a man, same as him. And so I begun to notice.

"He was a mighty good man, was Mr. Hoag. I aint never foun' a better. And mighty good to me. Yes, Sir, he taught me to work. Credit to whah credit's due, I says, and it was Mr. Hoag what taught me to work.

"It aint what all these fellers is lazy. Some of 'em is; but some of 'em aint. It's jus' what they aint never been taught when dey was young. Why, Sir, you see dat pipe by de run-way dere? It was stickin' right acrost, till I done move it. And them fellers would've let it lie all day long, stumblin' or steppin' over it whensumever dey go in or out —'less somebody tell 'em to move it. And all dey gotter do is put their

han' down and push it 'bout a foot one side. But would they do it without bein' tol'? No, Sir, not they. They'd let it lie jus' whah it was, till somebody tol' 'em. They aint got no gumption. They don't notice nothin'. An' what they does notice they thinks aint none of their business. They don't do nothin' 'less they gotter. They aint never been taught to work."

"Joe," I said, "that Mr. Hoag seems to have been a pretty wise man; and a pretty good friend of yours."

"Yes, Sir! He was that. He was a mighty good man. Credit to whah credit's due, says I. It was he what done taught me. And when I lef' him, to come No'th, he says, 'Joe,' says he, 'don't you depen' on nobody. You depen' on yourself; stan' on your own feet, and make your own way. But if you ever get sick, and aint got no money, and nowhars to go, you let me know. You just send a letter here to de farm.'

"I done what he tol' me; I earned my own way. An' I write to him, off and on; and he allus answers me. Some o' his letters is mighty fine. But I aint never had to write him that I's sick, and aint got no money, and nowhars to go. I earn my own way. An' if there aint no work fo' me here on de boiler, or on de machines, den I do mos' anythin'. I done clean streets, and carted ashes,—when there wahnt nothin' else. But dere's allus somethin'—if you done know how to work. I get up at de same time every day; half pas' five, winter and summer,—Sundays too. If you's got a day off dere's allus somethin' to be done; the cellar to clean up, or somethin' that needs fixin' 'bout the house. And if you've got a job, you oughtter get at it early, and see dat de boilers an' engines is all right; an' if you aint got a job, you oughtter get out and look fo' it, 'fo' it's done gone away.

"But what I don't understan' is why there aint an anti-loafin' law 'round here, just as there was whah I was raised. It aint good for nobody jus' to stan' roun' on de corners. Dat's whah my people gets into all dah trouble—jus' standin' roun' on de corners, and de saloon and de pool room. A man aint a man 'less he's workin'.

"An' there oughtter be somebody to whom they can go fo' work—whose business 'tis to see they don't jus' loaf roun'. Down at Youngstown, or Charlottesville, somebody meets you 'most as soon as you get off de cars, an' says to you, 'You a stranger roun' here?' An' you says, 'Yes, Sir, I's a stranger.' An' he says, 'Goin' to work fo' somebody?' An' you says, 'Don' know nobody here yet, Sir.' An' he says, 'There's a steel mill, over there. They wan' men.' Next day, if he sees you roun' de street, he comes right up and says, 'Workin' fo' somebody yet? Got a job?' An' if you says, 'Not yet, Sir,' he tells you again, 'There's a steel mill over there; they want men. And there's a farm up de pike what wants hands; and Jim Smith wants a man to look after his horses. You'd better go see 'em.' Then if de third day he sees yo' hangin' roun' de corner, he just says, 'You come with me.'

And he takes yo' out to de stone piles on de pike—where you gotter work.

"Yes, Sir, I don' see why they aint got an anti-loafin' law 'roun' here. De poor man he needs it—when he aint been taught to work."

"Yes, Joe," I answered, marvelling at such doctrine from such a source, and wishing to draw him out further, "but why 'poor man'? Surely, it doesn't matter whether one is rich or poor. Unless a man works at something, he is, as you said, not a man at all. We all of us need to work; and need to be taught to work, if we haven't learned."

"Yes, Sir, dat's right. But it's most specially de poor man what needs it,—an' needs it fo' his boy. De rich man can bring his son up different; but de poor man has gotter bring his son up to work—or he wont 'mount to nothin' at all. An' it's just in hangin' 'roun' de corners dat he gets in wrong at de start; an' den it 'pears he can't never get in right. It's most specially de poor man what needs de anti-loafin' law. And it's most specialliest my people what needs it."

"Why your people, Joe?"

" 'Cose 'less they been taught to work, they won't work, 'less they gotter. If they's got twenty-five dollars in their pocket, or maybe only five dollars, or one dollar, they don' know whether they'll go to work or not. They don' know whether they'll get up in the mornin' or sleep some more. S'long as they's got any money they don' wantter work. They won't look fo' a job. All they wantter do is to buy a new pair of yaller shoes, what's mos'ly too small for 'em, and hang 'round de corner."

I began to wish I could add Joe to the Department of Sociology and Political Economy at some University. He would be a much needed leaven. Indeed, I was of the opinion that were the lessons he could teach really mastered, the rest of the department might be dispensed with; for the problems they dealt with would for the most part have ceased to exist. But I was still curious as to his ideas of rich and poor; and as to just what he would include as "work." I was about to ask him a question on this, when he went on of his own accord.

"I don't say all o' my people is dat way. But there's a mighty lot of 'em what is. An' it 'pears like the young ones—who has had de mos' schoolin'—is de worstest. 'Pears like der aint nobody to teach 'em to work—dat dey gotter work; dat dey aint men, when dey just hang 'roun' an' do nothin'. They need de anti-loafin' law; an' I don' see why we aint got it. Them what works won' be touched by it; and them what don't work needs it. They needs it bad—my people."

"Joe," I said, "everybody needs it, white and black, rich and poor. Everybody ought to work at something. And unless the rich man brings his son up to work—and teaches him how to work—he will go to the bad just as quick as any boy of your people. The only difference is the kind of work. Some can do one thing and some another. Some work with their hands and some with their heads. Most of us have to

work with both. Surely you don't think that the only kind of work is what you do with your hands."

"No, Sir! I don' think any foolishness like that. How could I? What would I be doing here with dis boiler, 'less my boss had figured out de job for me? An' 'less he kept hustling roun' to get jobs, wouldn't be none for me, would there? Don't you think I knows dat? Would any o' these fellers be workin' here if it wahnt for what Mr. Bowman does—when he aint here at all, but figurin' in de office?

"Why it was only de other day I done tol' Mr. Bowman dat—though he knows it, well as me. He keeps me to look after dis boiler and de machines,—and his automobile sometimes, too. De brake wahnt right on dat automobile. It needed a new linin', an' I done tol' him so. But 'peared like he could never spare it long enough to get it fixed right. And de other day he was goin' down a hill with it, and it wouldn't hol'. He tried to throw in de engine, but dat didn't hol' either; and 'fore he could do anythin' he run into de ditch. He wahnt hurted none. But he might ha' been. And I beg him to go and get it fixed right. Fo' if anythin' happen to him, then somethin' happen to me too. Somethin' mighty serious happen to me. Credit to whah credit's due, says I, and if Mr. Bowman didn't do what he does, I couldn't do what I does, could I?"

"No you couldn't, Joe. But you're a wise man to know it. If the rest of the country knew it as well as you do, we would all be a great deal better off. But I am afraid they won't learn until they have been taught; and that the lesson will be pretty painful to everybody concerned."

"Yes, Sir, dat's what I say. You gotter teach people. You can't expect people to know things just of theirselves, without ever bein' taught. But 'pears like there aint nobody to teach people to work, leastwise, not 'roun' here. Dat's why I says there oughtter be an anti-loafin' law.

"I got a boy. He's seventeen years ol'; an' last June he grajated from de High School. I tried to teach him to work 'roun' de house when he was littler. He's a good boy. But he run with de other fellers at his school; an' I studied a lot what I could do with him. So when he was done with school I wen' to see a man I knows—a Mr. Johnson, a white man fo' whom I worked onct. I tol' him 'bout my boy; an' de way he was beginnin' to stand 'roun' on de corners. An' I ast him couldn't he fin' a place for my boy, somewhahs on a farm—whah he'd be taught to work, same as I was. An' Mr. Johnson said he didn't know, but he'd see. An' bime bye he wrote me dah was a place on a farm near Ithaca. That's in New York State, but all farm lan'. I was mighty glad to get dat letter. I tol' my boy 'bout it. He was kin' o' silent. He didn't wantter go none. But he's a good boy; an' he went,—I reckon 'cose I tol' him to. But I got letters

from him now what says you couldn't pull him from dat farm, not with a team of horses. He's a good boy, an' he knows he's learnin' to be a man.

"Yes, Sir, we's all workin' now, I, an' my boy, an' my girl—for I's got a girl too. She's twenty. She's workin' down town fo' a Miss Brown—who's a dressmaker. She's doin' well, too.

"There's Mr. Bowman now, Sir. Over by de bank. He mus' have come up de other way. I done thought he mus' have gone ter de other job first; else he'd ha' been here an hour ago.

"No, Sir, I don' smoke." He waved away the cigarette I had offered. "Don' either smoke or chaw, but I thanks you just as much. You go roun' to de left here, and there's a path right up de bank. Mr. Bowman, he'll do anythin' he can fo' you; but I reckon he can't give you no men. 'Pears dere are mighty few men roun' here, these days."

"I suspect that is so, Joe," I said, "but at all events I have found one, even if I can't get him."

Mr. Bowman could not, or would not—I was not sure which—do anything for me. Neither stone nor men could be had from him. And when I asked him where else I might apply, and hope to fare better, his answer was little more than a paraphrase of Mr. Hoag's parting counsel to Joe: "Don't you depen' on nobody; you depen' on yourself." If my road was to be mended, it was for me to mend it; and if I needed men or stone, it was for me to find them. He had all he could do to look after his own affairs.

I was no further forward than before in mending my road to the Farm. But Joe had given where Bowman had refused; and it would be my own fault if I were not further forward in mending my road to the Kingdom of Heaven. For here, from the lips of this negro boiler-tender, ringing true in every word and stamped with the hall-mark of the Lodge from which it came, I had been given the message that I most needed. *"You know what ought to be done on this farm. Now you go do it."*

Like Joe, as I walked home, I kept "studyin' over" these words. They could bring no pride to me, at over forty, as they had to Joe at fourteen; for with me there had been the long years between, in which their lesson had been endlessly repeated to deaf, because unwilling, ears. How often had I thought my spiritual directors "awful hard" on me, when, besides telling me to "do this" and "do that," they seemed to hold me responsible for all the undone things of which no word had been said! How often had I sunk into self-pity, when those who loved me would have helped me to be a man by treating me as one!

No, those words could bring me no pride. Lodge messages are not sent to feed one's vanity. But they could bring salutary self-examination and amendment. Inwardly and outwardly they were the

admonition that I needed. How many times a day, as I went about the Farm, did I not see things which needed to be done, and yet pass on, leaving them undone—as though they were no business of mine, because no one had *told* me to do them? The fallen twigs upon the path I traversed, the faded blooms on the rose bushes beside it, the weed I had watched grow tall among the phlox, a tool left out of place, the box left crooked on the shelf,—was my time so precious that I could not have paused to right these things as I passed by? It was my business to right them. Must some one be forever "pointin' out de wood pile as though I aint never seen one before, or showin' me de corn needs hoein', as though I didn't know nothin' 'bout corn"?

And in my inner life how many ends of pipe lay across my pathway, rank rubbish, as well as material once needed or awaiting future use, but now left untidily littering my mind and psychic nature, causing me to trip or turn aside whenever I went in or out about the Master's work? All I needed to do was to "put my han' down an' push it 'bout a foot one side." Yet there it lay, cumbering the ground, choking the runway, because, forsooth, no one had told me to remove that special litter—having told me, day after day and year after year, that all litter must be removed and never be permitted to accumulate. I was far "too ol' fo' such kin' o' foolishness." I knew what ought to be done. It was for me to "go do it."

Why was it that I had not learned the lesson long ago? Why had I so long refused, where Joe had at once responded? "Sloth," was the easy answer; but it was a very superficial one, and even as it rose to my mind I smiled to note how clearly it had been pointed out that I must look deeper. Sloth is but Tamas, a quality of nature. Like the inertia of a heavy fly-wheel it resists acceleration. But its resistance is there to be overcome, and its inertia to be turned into momentum. It was in Joe, even as in me; indeed it was more natively dominant in Joe than in me. Among the colours its correspondence is black; and of all the races of men it is most marked in the negro. It was a negro who had been made the bearer of this message to me. I must look deeper than sloth, to see why sloth had not been overcome. "It aint what all these fellers is lazy. Some of 'em is; but some of 'em aint. It's jus' what they aint never been taught when dey was young. . . . They aint got no gumption. They don't notice nothin'. An' what they does notice they thinks aint none of their business." Why had I resisted teaching?

I knew the answer,—as a man must know the enemy he has fought all his life, at whose hands he has suffered fall after fall, injury upon injury, betrayals innumerable. But always it is a hidden enemy, working masked and from ambush, or coming to us in the guise of a friend. Cloak after cloak is stripped from it, yet others remain. Perhaps only in the last and great initiation shall I see my enemy face

to face, with no veil between. Perhaps there is no enemy, other than these living veils woven from the fibre and the tissue of my own being; for all evil is in essence *maya*. Yet there are the veils, and within or behind them is the enemy who tricks and deludes. It concerns no one but myself and those who guide me to know what part each veil, each new disguise, has contributed to my daily failures. But with the message that Joe had brought me there rose the memory of another, "written for all disciples," to which the words are added, "Attend you to them."

"Before the eyes can see they must be incapable of tears. Before the ear can hear it must have lost its sensitiveness."

There lies part of the cause, at least: this curse of self-love, so sensitive that at a hint of blame all aspiration and forward vision are lost in self-pity, all apprehension of the truth swamped in the clamorous surge of self-excuse; the self-love, too sensitive for reality, that substitutes for the will to attain the desire to be deemed and to deem itself already in possession of attainment. It is strange how long it takes some of us to master those first four aphorisms of *Light on the Path*, those primary rules written at the very entrance of the way. It would seem so obvious that before one could be a disciple one must become a *man*.

There was the key to the difference between us: Joe, at fourteen, had been more of a man than I at more than twice his age. Some day perhaps, as a reward for their long suffering patience with such as I, my spiritual directors will be assigned some good, honest black man, like Joe, instead of the lily-livered specimens who pride themselves upon the whiteness of their skin. What endless comfort he would be to them! "We want *men* to work for us, not mummies! . . . Be vigorous, be strong, not passive! I get so tired of these humble washed-out disciples, who have not strength enough to stand on their own feet, and who simply shut their eyes ecstatically and sit there! What will they ever accomplish? Nothing, until they are waked up and shaken out of that condition."

Yes, Joe was a better man than I. I lit the cigarette he had refused. He neither "smoked nor chawed," nor was he wholly unconscious of his virtue. I would not rob him of all superiority. I would continue to draw the line at "chawing." But I knew "what ought to be done on this farm," and I purposed to "go do it."

CHEERFUL SOUTHGATE.

Obedience is the courtesy due to Kings.—TENNYSON.

SUFIISM

"I died as mineral and became a plant,
I died as plant and rose to animal,
I died as animal and I was man.
Why should I fear? When was I less by dying?
Yet once more I shall die as man, to soar
With angels blest; but even from angelhood
I must pass on: all except God doth perish.
When I have sacrificed my angel soul,
I shall become what no mind ere conceived.
Oh, let me not exist! For non-existence
Proclaims in organ tones, 'To Him we shall return.'"

JALÁLU'D-DÍN-RÚMÍ.

EVEN a very limited study of the different religions, ancient and modern, impresses one almost from the beginning with the similarity, in many cases the identity, of the fundamental principles in all. The radical points of difference are limited, for the most part, to mere outward form and expression, and where an evident lack of harmony appears, usually what is needed is to seek deeper for the underlying unity. Mohammedanism—the teachings of the Prophet and the interpretation of them by Mohammedan theologians—is apparently an exception or a contradiction to this rule, and, for the underlying unity here, we must look to Sufiism, which in many ways suggests a later effort on the part of the Lodge to counteract the undesirable tendencies which the Islamitic revelation had engendered.

Sufiism is often called the esotericism of Mohammedanism. It is above all else a religion of beauty and of love. It has been said that of the Platonic trinity—wisdom, beauty, goodness—Hinduism laid greatest stress on wisdom, Christianity laid greatest stress on goodness, while Sufiism specially emphasized beauty. Fundamentally, of course, these are all one, for perfection in one direction means perfection in all. The beauty of earthly things was to the Sufi only a reflection, a reminder, of the Divine beauty. And love, the rapturous love of the soul for God—which was really one aspect of the love of God for the soul—was the means of union, of perfect at-onement with the Divine.

"Love thrilled the chord of love in my soul's lute,
And changed me all to love from head to foot."

Sufiism began toward the end of the eighth century of our era, more or less as a reaction against certain of the teachings of Mohammed, and in its earliest form it was characterized chiefly by asceticism and quietism. The lurid hell and the forbidding conception of God, which were a part of every Mohammedan's faith, had resulted in a religion of fear. God, to the average Mohammedan, was a purely transcendent being, infinite in power, a mighty will, stern, impersonal, unloving. Fear

of hellfire, fear of judgment, fear of the awful grandeur, or the still more awful wrath of Allah, had reduced the greater part of the true believers to a state of constant apprehension and dread. There was a phrase much used in the Mohammedan world, "I take refuge in God." And to certain kinds of minds this apparently afforded comfort. But to the earliest Sufis it seemed folly to repeat a mere formula, unless some corresponding action were taken. They compared such a course to meeting a lion in the desert, and then, while standing motionless, saying repeatedly, "I take refuge in that fort." Accordingly, they turned, though ascetic practices were frowned upon in Islam, to asceticism and quietism as affording the only possible way out of the difficulty. Their ideas met a widely felt want, and many adopted their mode of life. King and beggar alike renounced whatever he had of earthly possessions, and took to the simple woollen garment of the Sufi.

As might be expected, asceticism in these early days went to fanatical extremes, and the rigour with which their theories were applied to daily life is attested by many a story which has been handed down. One such account tells of a man who, after a long life of piety, failed to escape hellfire because he owned two shirts, while his neighbour, though possessed of less merit, was more fortunate because of a scantier wardrobe. Another story from the early period is indicative not only of the extreme of asceticism, but also of the real depth of feeling which lay beneath it. A Sufi teacher is speaking: "After having endured the rigours of asceticism for forty years, one night I found myself before the doors and curtains which hide the throne of God. 'For pity's sake,' I exclaimed, groaning, 'let me pass.' 'O Bayazid,' cried a Voice, 'you still possess a pitcher and an old cloak; you cannot pass.' Then I cast away the pitcher and the cloak, and I heard the Voice again address me, 'O Bayazid, go and say to those who do not know: "Behold, for forty years I have practised rigorous asceticism. Well, till I cast away my broken pitcher and torn cloak, I could not find access to God; and you, who are entangled in the ties of worldly interests, how shall you discover Him?"'" This view of renunciation underwent a gradual change, and at a later period it was applied to true poverty of spirit—a renunciation of every interest which could divert the mind from God. At the same time, a corresponding change took place in the attitude toward worldly possessions: wealth, when possessed by the Sufi, came to be regarded as a special gift from God, a shield to hide from the profane the piety of his saints.

Little by little, out of the early austerity, mysticism developed. In place of the former abject fear of God, there grew up an implicit confidence in His goodness and benevolence. "Grant me mercy for all men," prays one; and then, "I lifted up mine eyes, and I saw that the Most High was far more inclined to have mercy on His servants than I." Renunciation, no longer with the paramount idea of escaping retribution and attaining salvation, was practised now for love of God and

with the sole intent to please Him. Instead of mere passive resignation, there appears genuine acceptance of the Divine will. Humility, selflessness, and all the lovelier virtues follow; and in Rabia, one of the early and much revered Sufi saints, we find the complete self-abandonment and lofty devotion of a Saint Teresa of Avila. Life or death, heaven or hell are alike acceptable, since God made all; what state He decrees matters not, if He vouchsafe His love and care. "Whence comest thou?" was asked her one day. "From the other world," she answered. "And whither goest thou?" "Into the other world." "And what doest thou in this world?" "I jest with it by eating its bread and doing the works of the other world in it."

With the third century of Islam, there came a change in the nature of Sufiism. Concerning the man whose thinking produced the change—Dhu 'l-Nún al-Misri, is the name by which he is best known—comparatively little information is available. During his lifetime nothing was recorded; a century later a Sufi of prominence visited the village where he had lived, and gathered from the natives their traditions of his life and work. He is surrounded by just enough of mystery to suggest that much is left untold. The son of a Copt or Nubian, he was brought up in an Egyptian home and spent much of his life in Egypt. For his education he was sent to the Hijaz, where he studied under an Imam of rank, and made a profitable contact with the learning and culture of the day. During all his life in Egypt, he spent much time among the ancient ruined temples, studying the figures and deciphering the inscriptions. He was versed in the Greek mysteries, knew the "mystery of the Great Name" (possessing which, a man, it was said, could dispense with all other mysteries), and was familiar with the secrets of astrology, alchemy and other occult sciences. From this time on, Sufiism abounds in ideas which suggest the influence of other faiths—Christianity, Buddhism, Gnosticism, Neo-Platonism, Greek, Indian and Persian teachings, all show striking analogies. Whether this be the result of actual infiltration from the various sources is doubtful. The probability is, rather, that the correspondences and analogies are more the result of the universality of the great spiritual truths underlying all.

Under the influence of Dhu 'l-Nún, Sufiism developed into a theosophy. He taught that above the knowledge of scientists and learned men, there is a still higher kind,—the knowledge of the attributes of unity, which is possessed by those who "see God in their hearts." He taught also that "true praise of God is absorption of the worshipper in the object of worship."

From now on, the Sufi's aim and effort was to *know* God. And to know Him, he must seek Him in the depths of his own being, for what is not *in* man, man cannot know. "Look in your own heart, for the kingdom of God is within you." In strong contrast to the Mohammedan conception of Allah—one in essence, qualities, and acts, unique and

separate from all else—there developed the Sufi conception of One Real Being, immanent in, pervading all things. He dwelt, not on a golden throne in a distant and splendid heaven, but in the hearts of humble men. The Sufis found Him in the rippling of water or the songs of birds; in the murmuring wind or the crashing thunder. And they turned to Him with an intimacy of devotion that can only be expressed in their own figure of the lover and the Beloved. "O my God, I invoke Thee in public as lords are invoked, but in private as loved ones are invoked. Publicly I say, 'O my God!' but privately I say, 'O my Beloved!'" Much of the exquisite lyric poetry of Persia, the natural outpouring of the devotional ecstasy, employs this figure of the lover and the Beloved, and, through a complete misunderstanding, has been pronounced, by certain western critics, sensuous in the extreme. Take, for instance, one splendid poem on the creation, which represents the Beloved, from all eternity, unveiling His beauty with no eye but His own to survey it; desiring that His qualities be displayed in a mirror, He decrees that Creation, which hitherto "lay cradled in the sleep of non-existence," show forth His perfections; and thereafter—

"The cypress gave a hint of His comely stature, the rose gave tidings of His beauteous countenance.
Wherever Beauty peeped out, Love appeared beside it; wherever Beauty shone in a rosy cheek, Love lit his torch from that flame.
Wherever Beauty dwelt in dark tresses, Love came and found a heart entangled in their coils.
Beauty and Love are as body and soul; Beauty is the mine and Love the precious stone."

In the same way, the simile of wine and the wine cup, as symbolical of the spirit, abounds in all their poetry; and, through a like misunderstanding, has won for it the term bacchanalian. The constant possibility of persecution, and the added fact that the teachings were esoteric and not to be too openly revealed, are reasons, though only partial reasons, it is true, for the adoption of this phraseology.

Intimacy of devotion, with the Sufi, meant in no way a belief in a personal God as that term is usually employed. To lose the self in the Self was his desire; to come forth from the personal self "as a snake from its skin," and, having lost the personal, to find the Universal Self, to become a part of the ocean of Divinity. "Dost thou hear how there comes a voice from the brooks of running water? But when they reach the sea they are quiet, and the sea is neither augmented by their in-coming nor diminished by their out-going."

Pantheism,—in some cases an extreme pantheism,—was, as has already been suggested, a part of their belief. Ordinarily, it was modified by the idea that *in the world of unification,* lover, Beloved, and love are one. "Thirty years the high God was my mirror," said one Sufi teacher, "now I am my own mirror—i. e., that which I was I am no more, for

'I' and 'God' is a denial of the unity of God. Since I am no more, the high God is His own mirror. Lo, I say that God is the mirror of myself, for he speaks with my tongue and I have vanished." And the same thought is expressed by another, in a slightly different way—

"I am He whom I love, and He whom I love is I:
We are two spirits dwelling in one body.
If thou seest me, thou seest Him,
And if thou seest Him, thou seest us both."

This doctrine, when held to be true not only in the world of unification but in the external world as well, was so completely in violation of the orthodox Mohammedan views, that certain of its adherents were put to death with horrible tortures. For the most part, however, the Sufis were free from persecution. Their belief was that in God's sight, all religions are right and acceptable; creed and dogma mattering little, and the heart being the true criterion.

"Love is where the glory falls
Of Thy face—on convent walls
Or on tavern floors, the same
Unextinguishable flame.

"Where the turbaned anchorite
Chanteth Allah day and night,
Church bells ring the call to prayer
And the Cross of Christ is there."

Among themselves they held several especially interesting tenets, as, for instance, that there never fails to be, on earth, *one* great theosophist, who is, in the nature of things, the true Caliph or representative of God. He may hold political power, exercising it publicly, in which case the age becomes illumined. Or he may be what they termed the "mystical pole," his rule being, perforce, a secret one, in which case the world is in a state of darkness and unenlightenment. Added to this, they taught the existence of an invisible hierarchy of saints on which the order of the world depends. Then there is a whole range of teachings, suggested by such a statement as that they possessed certain portions of the Chaldean lore, or that the whirling dance, still performed by the Mevlevi dervishes, is representative of the circling of the spheres. Outwardly, however, the Sufis accepted the recognized authorities, embraced the religion of the Prophet with a completeness varying in the cases of different individuals, and, for the most part, kept all the outward observances required of the "faithful," investing them with a new spirit and meaning.

One view of Sufiism, and a particularly clear and suggestive one, is contained in the doctrine of the seventy thousand veils, a doctrine which is common to Gnosticism as well:

"Seventy thousand veils separate Allah, the One Reality, from the

world of matter and of sense. And every soul passes before his birth through these seventy thousand. The inner half of these are veils of light: the outer half, veils of darkness. For every one of the veils of light passed through, in this journey towards birth, the soul puts off a divine quality: and for every one of the dark veils, it puts *on* an earthly quality. Thus the child is born *weeping,* for the soul knows its separation from Allah, the One Reality. And when the child cries in its sleep, it is because the soul remembers something of what it has lost. Otherwise, the passage through the veils has brought with it forgetfulness (*nisyān*): and for this reason man is called *insān.* He is now, as it were, in prison in his body, separated by these thick curtains from Allah."

To tear away the veils, and, freeing himself from the prison house of the body, regain union with the Divine, was the object of the Sufi,—the goal, distant though it might be, toward which he strove. There is in their literature, a beautiful reference to "the branch of the narcissus of union" laid on the hand of hope;—"And seven thousand years have passed, and that narcissus is still fresh and blooming: never has the hand of any hope attained thereto." It is suggestive of that phrase from *Light on the Path,* "You will enter the light, but you will never touch the flame."

The Sufis, at their best, were little interested in philosophical and metaphysical speculation. Later men occupied themselves in this way, and also made an effort to reconcile the pure Sufi teachings, the Mohammedan traditions, and their own speculations. But the earlier Sufis devoted their attention, instead, to working out for themselves a science of living, a school of saintship. Contrary to the custom of Islam, monasticism became a part of their system, together with many minor religious observances that were foreign to the teachings of the Prophet. The Sufi was regarded as a traveller on the Path. The novice in Sufiism was known as a *murid.* On entering the Path, he was first subjected to a period of discipline, lasting three years (there are instances of a seven-year period); the first devoted to serving others, regarding himself as the servant of all men; the second to service of God, cutting himself off entirely from all selfish interests; the third to watching over his own heart, endeavouring to dismiss from his mind every consideration but aspiration and communion. During this probation, he was required to live the life of an ordinary mortal in every particular. He was not encouraged to turn away from the lot to which he had been born, for true religion lay in the right performance of duty, and only when the obligations of duty had been fulfilled, could revelation be looked for. He must exemplify, in his daily living, charity, sympathy, forgiveness toward all; self-sacrifice, brotherliness (no Sufi was worthy the name who did not genuinely regard the whole human family as one great brotherhood). And his consideration must extend not only to his human brothers, but to every living creature. Eradication of self-will and absolute trust in God were further requirements.

The discipline was such as would aid him in ridding himself of all evil thoughts and desires; extricating himself from all selfish interests, and purifying mind and heart. "All *self* abandon, ye who enter here," was written over the gate of Repentance. And elsewhere, "Until thou ignorest thyself body and soul, thou canst not know the object which deserves thy love." And as he went through the process of purgation, he was at the same time "irrigated" with the good influences resulting from his kindly services to others, and strengthened by training in the loftiest moral principles and most sublime ideals. To help him on the Path, he was given a *pir* or past-master in Sufiism, to whom he gave absolute obedience. This master led him in the Path shown in turn by *his* master, and so on up to the Prophet himself. The master acted not only as instructor, but as adviser and guide, helping him immeasurably by his own piety and spiritual strength. In the final stages of the way, the master "threw a magnetic inspiration" on the opened mind of his disciples.

There is an analysis of the Path which comes from one of the oldest Sufi treatises now extant. The close analogy which it bears to the Purgative, Illuminative, and Unitive way of the Christian mystics will at once be apparent. It states that there are seven stages in the Way of the Sufi: 1, repentance; 2, abstinence; 3, renunciation; 4, poverty; 5, patience; 6, trust in God; 7, satisfaction. Each of these, one growing out of the other, the Sufi must pass through; and each is open to him, his progress depending entirely on his own effort. As a concomitant to the seven stages, there is a similar chain of "states," ten in number: meditation, nearness to God, love, fear, hope, longing, intimacy, tranquillity, contemplation, and certainty. The states he may experience only as they are granted to him, for they are gifts from God over which he has no least control. The utmost he can do is to make of himself a safe repository for such as are vouchsafed him.

Great importance was, of course, attached to meditation, and *dhikr,* as the first stage was called, was extensively practised. There is a description of the latter, taken from the work of Ghazali, a comparatively late Sufi writer, which will be interesting and possibly suggestive to anyone who has made an effort to practise a similar form. He begins by explaining that the Seeker must sit alone, effacing from mind and heart all thought of everything save God, the Most High. "Then, as he sits in solitude, let him not cease saying continuously with his tongue, *'Allah, Allah,'* keeping his thought on it. At last he will reach a state where the motion of his tongue will cease, and it will seem as though the word flowed from it. Let him persevere in this until all trace of motion is removed from his tongue, and he finds his heart persevering in the thought. Let him still persevere until the form of the word, its letters and shape, is removed from his heart, and there remains the idea alone, as though clinging to his heart, inseparable from it. So far, all is

dependent upon his will and choice; but to bring the mercy of God does not stand in his will or choice. He has now laid himself bare to the breathings of that mercy, and nothing remains but to await what God will open to him, as God has done after this manner to prophets and saints. If he follows the above course, he may be sure that the light of the Real will shine out in his heart. At first unstable, like a flash of lightning, it turns and returns; though sometimes it hangs back. And if it returns, sometimes it abides and sometimes it is momentary. And if it abides, sometimes its abiding is long, and sometimes short."

This is, of course, only preparatory to the higher stages of meditation and contemplation in which the "vision of the heart" becomes operative —for only the eye of the heart can see God—and the soul enters into union with the Divine. Of this final rapt state of the contemplative, there has been written an exquisite allegory of the butterflies, a picture of the soul's rapturous longing for God. The butterflies have gathered in conclave, filled with a great yearning to unite themselves with the candle flame. After consulting together, one of their number is sent to discover for them what the flame is like. Flying swiftly, he approaches near to where a candle sheds its beams in the darkness, and having seen the light returns in haste. But his message fails to convince his hearers. Another butterfly is sent forth. This one draws so near to the candle, that the tips of his soft wings are caught by the flame, yet he, too, on his return, can satisfy only partially the longing of his fellows. Straightway, a third rises on swift wing, and he, drawing near to the light, is so overcome with the ecstasy of his love, that he casts himself into the fire and is consumed, his body turned to the same glowing colour as the flame itself. His companions seeing that the flame has communicated to him some of its own quality, agree that he has learned what they all long to know, but he alone can understand.

It need scarcely be said that Sufiism was a life, not a creed or a sect. This being the case, it is impossible here to present it in its fullness, but only to give one aspect of it, since there must have been as many kinds of Sufiism as there were men who lived it. It had, of course, its less pleasing aspects. Many failed, far short of the goal; in some cases madness resulted; in many cases psychism of various kinds. During recent centuries, its followers have been less and less concerned with moral elevation and spiritual progress, and have turned more and more to outward observances and the following of "masters" who ply their trade for pay—a mere caricature of true Sufiism. But however ugly the dead form may be, the life and spirit that once animated it were a thing of beauty and loveliness. And in reviewing its development, perhaps its greatest significance lies in the fact that that life, to-day, is our own for the asking, open to every member of the Society who desires it. And for us, the lesson that it points is (to borrow the gist of a Sufi saying), be not content to study but *do* the works of holy men.

JULIA CHICKERING.

THE FEAR OF DEATH

WHEN the religious man says "I am not afraid to die," he means exactly what he says, but he does *not* mean that he regards death lightly. On the contrary he faces the thought of death with a reverential awe which is akin to fear, and this is well, for it is a part of that "Fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom." This reverential awe grows deeper with the life of prayer and of spiritual aspiration, and on its flood tide the soul should be swept into the presence of its Maker.

But there is another attitude toward death which is the very antithesis of this holy fear—a sort of black nervous horror, which drives its victims to a shuddering ignoring of death's imminence, to a postponement of all preparation for it until too late, and, too often, to a practical as well as a theoretical doubt of the Love at the heart of life. This bastard terror is natural to our flesh and blood, it gnaws like a worm at the courage of the race, it is pitiful and dangerous beyond words,—to leave it unattacked were to discount Calvary.

The subject piques because one deals here with an incalculable thing. Humanity cannot be simply divided into the sheep and the goats—the fearless and the fearful. All obvious logic is defied. Should all religious people be brave, and the irreligious cowards? But it is not so. How logical, for instance, if those who only ask to eat, drink, and be merry should swerve from a veiled angel in the path. But most of them do not. They escape by looking the other way—until their moment comes. They refuse to be bothered. They say "time enough" and "sufficient unto the day" and things like that. If one rose from the dead in their interests, it would not avail. No, this fear lurks in silent places; it haunts the very young and the very old; it poisons the lives of the inexpressive, the lonely, and the timid, of the Master's potential but strayed lovers.

One could not dare to call oneself a student of the Divine Wisdom and lack the persuasion that things will finally be well with us—for God is Love; nor the perception that they are not well yet—for He is Justice. By sin came death into the world and the cup must be drained, and drained again, till every jot and tittle of the law be fulfilled; and yet—is there not triumph? And if so—*who* triumphs? Who dares to challenge death for its sting, the grave for its victory? Who dares to shout "Praise be to God Who giveth *us* the victory"? If the antidote to fear be faith, then the saints are conquerors here by divine right; their vision, born of slowly garnered inner prescience, cannot fail them. They triumph not only in life, but through that hour of mortal strife—"that masterful negation and collapse of all that makes me man" (into

Thy Hands, O Lord, into Thy Hands!), while they move (oh swiftly! swiftly!) to where stands waiting the "great Angel of the Agony," and thence "dart with the intemperate energy of love (ah! grant them this!) to those dear feet" where purgatory, that solace of the redeemed, awaits them. No! you cannot phase the saints. For His sake they are willing to die all day long if you like, for who shall separate them from the love of God? *Not* Death—nor any other creature. The fear of the saints is braided through and through with golden hope, and Death is swallowed up in Victory. "Praised be the Lord for our Sister, the Death of the body."

But after all there are not so very many saints, but a great multitude of those cryptically irrational people who count themselves among the religious, who are "members in good standing" of one church or another, who subscribe punctually to "the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting," and who repudiate, with rage born of terror, any suggestion that they will probably die some day. The most tragic figures in the house of life are the aborted saints—they invoke so much and use so little. In shocking company they both believe and tremble. One is irresistibly reminded of the story of the two ladies, one of whom, greatly to the distaste of the other, wished to discuss the after life. The harassed one, failing to change the subject, finally said, "If you insist, of course I believe that we all go to everlasting bliss, but I wish you would not drag in such unpleasant topics."

One summer this writer lived next door to a house in which a young girl was slowly dying of tuberculosis. Everyone recognized the fact, including the poor child herself, but utter panic possessed the entire family. They refused to admit the clergyman on the ground that "it would put ideas into her head"; but day by day the writer was hurriedly sent for, implored to "speak to her," and then as hurriedly dismissed in their demoralization of terror,—"No, wait, she is too frightened to-day"; or "She is worse to-day, come again to-morrow"; or "She is better to-day, we will wait a little." Then the last day came and it was too late. The questions in her beautiful haunted eyes can never be forgotten.

Contrast with this the little children of a household ruled by the Divine Wisdom, who run to their mother, after cross-examining the new gardener, with "Oh, Mother, *isn't* the new man funny—he doesn't think it is nice to die." This episode is particularly reassuring, because one can but suspect that much of this panic fear in later life is traceable to a mishandling of the subject where little children are concerned.

Fighting men and, in varying degrees, the poets, would seem to have some insight here. Death as a subject has always allured the poets, who have treated of it from every imaginable aspect, most of them quite foreign to the purpose of this article, which intends itself for a plea that death should be prepared for with humble faith and met

with humble courage. They have sometimes availed themselves of the possibilities of the subject by falling below its possibilities, and have disembarrassed themselves of a deal of subjective rhyming—the magazines teem with young poets announcing the sentiments they consider appropriate to their *own* demise—often done with really beautiful and poignant art. There is also much wilful choosing of the stuff of morbidity to work with. Maeterlinck's *Death of Tintagel* jumps to the mind, in which a group of women prowl about a dim stage for hours, excitedly whispering to each other in their eternal passings and repassings that "the old Queen" (Death) is about to seize a new victim—that presently someone is *going to die!* It is the *reductio ad absurdum;* one feels after an hour or two of it like Talleyrand, with the young man who argued that he *must* live,—*Je ne vois pas la nécessité.*

Still, on the whole, the poets ring true, and the volume of tonic as well as consolatory poetry about death is as large as it is splendid. It was a poet who said,

> "No array of terms can say how much I am at peace
> about God, and about death."

It was a poet who prayed,

> "Let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
> The heroes of old."

And a poet who prayed,

> "My wages taken and in my heart some late lark singing,
> Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
> The sunset splendid and serene—Death."

While poets have always known that heaven was for lovers' meetings—

> "Would that I were with thee emparadised,
> White Angels around Christ;
> That by the borders of the eternal sea,
> Singing, I too might be."

The War has thrown strong light on another aspect of all this. Just as we note inexplicable fear in one direction, so we find inexplicable courage in another. Given a Cause, given discipline, and the young men of the world go laughing out, and "their lives are in their hands for any man to take." Is it that, for the moment, under the spur of the splendid necessity, the Angel takes possession, and saint and soldier share the same vision? Listen to Masefield telling how the English sailed from the Greek port, out to Gallipoli:

"Ship after ship moved slowly out of harbor . . . and the beauty and the exaltation of the youth upon them made them like sacred things as they moved away. These men . . . had said good-bye to home that they might offer their lives in the cause we stand for. In a few hours at most, as they well knew, perhaps a tenth of them would

have looked their last on the sun. . . . But this was but the end they asked, the reward they had come for, the unseen cross upon the breast. All that they felt was a gladness of exultation that their young courage was to be used. *They went like kings in a pageant to the imminent death.* . . . As they passed on their way to the sea their feeling that they had done with life welled up in those battalions; they cheered till the harbor rang with cheering . . . till all the life in the harbor was giving thanks that it could go to death rejoicing. All was beautiful in that gladness of men about to die, but the most moving thing was the greatness of their generous hearts. . . . No one who heard this tumult of cheering will ever forget it, or think of it unshaken. It broke the hearts of all there with pity and pride; it went beyond the guard of the English heart."

Yes, the saints know, the fighting men know, the poets know. Sometimes we have all three in one. Take Joyce Kilmer's letters from the other side, and search them,—you shall find a spirituality so woven into the fibre of the man that his rollicking fun, his utter love of life and all life's gifts, his utter willingness to give them up, are all one thing. Then turn to the account of William Blake's last hours—the poet with the mystic vision. Read how he sat propped up in bed at the last, advising his wife as to her future, but between times singing and shouting great songs of delight that he had been sent for:

"Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home!"

Sometimes it is in the most astounding places that one encounters perception of what death may mean and how it may be faced. At the risk of straining credulity, it is a temptation to tell how this was once done at the New York Hippodrome. Some years ago that place of entertainment could boast a stage manager with an imagination, a sense of beauty, a vision. It may do so still, but anticlimaxes are disagreeable —it is wise not to risk one. This particular time, when the last elephant had ambled off and the last clown had followed it, beauty came into its own, death was shown us, death—heroic, uplifted, robbed of its sting, and shorn of its victory. By some clever stage illusion, the tank used in the final tableau became a vast body of still water. Some bedizened Oriental potentate (presumably) sat enthroned above; below him the wide flights of steps terracing to the water's edge were thronged with the flower of his kingdom—a great multitude of splendid youth. Their number does not matter—the point is they *looked* like "ten thousand times ten thousand"—young men and women in robes of white and silver. They were marking time to music, and laughing and singing for delight of their sacrifice, for they were about to die. At a signal they marched in close platoons to the water's edge, then into the water—to knees, to breast, to singing lips, and so down under, as the throngs pressed on behind them. There was no break in the gallant laughter, no pause in the gay song, no faltering step, no hint of refraining in all the

shining ranks. We had forgotten in those days of peace how high-heartedly men could die; had forgotten that it could be done "heads up, eyes right!" Never mind the great wooden Hippodrome, never mind the trick which underlay the illusion (some idiot behind was explaining the theory of the diving bell), never mind the silly legend,—"theirs but to do and die": that *was* the legend; nothing else mattered. If the illusion had been less perfect, if there had been one shirking eye, one faltering step, one hint of unwilling sacrifice, the thing would have turned to farce before us and we must have laughed. But no one laughed: death was there and these youths were fain of it, and five thousand people held their breath with the splendor of it. Only a circus thriller, it is true, but ennobled by its perfect discipline and its gleam of intuition.

In his *Varieties of Religious Experience,* William James has this to say: "Mankind's common instinct for reality has always held the world to be essentially a theatre for heroism. In heroism, we feel, life's supreme mystery is hidden. We tolerate no one who has no capacity whatever for it in any direction. On the other hand, no matter what a man's frailties otherwise may be, if he be willing to risk death, and still more if he suffer it heroically, in the service he has chosen, the fact consecrates him forever. Inferior to ourselves in this or that way, if yet we cling to life, and he is able 'to fling it away like a flower' as caring nothing for it, we account him in the deepest way our born superior. Each of us in his own person feels that a high-hearted indifference to life would expiate his shortcomings." "Greater love hath no man than this."

It is a curious subject; in any light only small corners are illumined. We talk about "the instinct to live," but Metchnikoff, the French scientist, tells us that in the old the "instinct to die" is the normal; and yet how seldom we see it. We talk about *joie de vivre,* but life is clung to most determinedly by those who have none. A physician in charge of a Catholic Home for the Aged says that he has never seen such frenzied clinging to mere existence as on the part of these poor things who have so little to live for. The Sisters in charge welcome each approaching death with smiling cheerfulness—here is one more soul departing life, fortified by the rites of the Church; one more bed ready for another patient. Not so the poor old people themselves, who beseech for "something" to stave off the dread moment. Zest of life would seem to have little or nothing to do with it. Perhaps the spirit of adventure is a factor here? This spirit finds it difficult to believe that life can cease—and here is the Great Adventure. The saints, who are life's adults, apply this spiritually and have the best of it, as usual. But life's little children, of any age, do not like bedtime.

An Angel speaks: *It is bedtime—come, children!*

No, no, we are not ready—come back by and by.

I am afraid of the dark!

And *I* want my teddy bear!

An Angel speaks: *Come, children; it is time—a bath for all, a whipping for most, and then rest,—sleep—dreams!*

It is the end—we shall not wake!

Twice two *are* five—I learned it.

An Angel speaks: *Well, well, never mind now; it is time to sleep —so much to do to-morrow.*

To sleep! to dream! Perchance to dream?

An Angel speaks: *Assuredly to dream—dream true at last! Many mansions—stately castles, tiny doll's houses—dream true!*

Cleansed at last from stains of work and play, asleep at last; the angels bend over the tired little children of earth and then draw back in reverent awe. Among them does One pace and pause? One with scarred feet and tender eyes? Ah, surely yes, for the weary tear-stained faces bloom into a smiling peace that passeth understanding. "Sleep! Rest! Dream true! And try again to-morrow. Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." S.

O ye souls that desire to walk in the midst of consolation and security, if only ye knew how acceptable to God is suffering for His love, and how great a means it is to arrive at every other spiritual good, ye would never seek for consolation in anything, but ye would rather rejoice when ye bear the cross after your Lord.—St. John of the Cross.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

TWO years, measured by ordinary standards, do not seem a very long time. The average man's method of thought and of living does not change materially during that period, and his point of view has not altered sufficiently to make it difficult to recall his state of mind and heart, two, five and even ten years previously. But when a man comes into contact with a vital force which takes possession of him heart and soul, his entire conception of the meaning of life is transformed from a dead, or at most an inert thing, into an inspiring, vibrant, glorious vision of infinite beauty, strength, and joy. If he may not presume to liken himself to a butterfly that has burst its chrysalis and left the dead shell forever, he can at least think of himself as a prisoner released from his cell, to whom the world was never so beautiful, the sky so blue, the air so soft and balmy, the sunshine so glorious; to whom God's handiwork seemed never so lovely, nor God Himself so kind and good. After tasting these new and unaccustomed delights, the man's thoughts turn in loving gratitude to the influence which has brought release from his darkness and ignorance, and entrance into the light of the new and beautiful world he has found. When a man has received so great a boon he feels impelled to express something of the gratitude that is in his heart. While the causes which led up to his deliverance are very vivid in his mind, he finds it difficult, if not impossible, to picture to himself his former pitiable state, for, having been permitted to catch a glimpse of the Eternal, he is indeed living in a new world; nothing appears the same, nothing is the same, unless it be his lower nature, of which the awakening of his higher nature has made him painfully aware, and which as yet is but little changed, but which he now knows it is his duty to set about changing and transforming.

Reared by God-fearing parents in a strict, orthodox manner, I "joined the Church" at sixteen years of age. This step was decidedly against my inclinations, as I did not consider myself "good enough," but, being strongly urged by my parents, who explained that it simply meant that I desired to live a better life, "accepted Christ as my Saviour," and was willing to confess Him before men, I consented, partly in deference to their wishes, and partly because of a desire to escape the consequences of sin—eternal damnation. (Oh, the scores of sermons on this subject through which I wriggled and writhed in my youth!) That "Christ died for our sins" meant to me that He died to save us from the consequences of sin, and I was given to understand that all one had to do to be "saved," was to "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ" by "accepting" Him and the

sacrifice which He made for our redemption. (How repugnant to the ideals of Theosophy is such "belief" without action! For, "this idea of passing one's whole life in moral idleness, and having one's hardest work and duty done by another—whether God or man—is most degrading to human dignity.") In my earlier years I was the victim of much intolerance toward others whose form of religious belief differed from my own. This was superseded in later years by what I flattered myself was a broad-minded tolerance. Hell became a myth, or at most a place reserved for incorrigibles; life was an easy-going sort of an adventure; the sins of others were still hideous—my own were small things, as men go, and I was quite as good a Christian as most people who professed to be such. My religious life consisted mainly in attendance at numerous services, and taking an active part in Church and Sunday-school work; later, in social work with boys' clubs and the like.

Meanwhile, I began to hear the word "Theosophy" mentioned by one near and dear to me, who rather timidly informed me of having attended meetings and, finally, of having joined the T. S. I would have none of it; it was all queer and "spooky." Occultism meant black arts and nothing else. I listened condescendingly until one statement arrested my attention: "A member of the T. S. can believe what he likes, need have no belief at all, in fact, 'all members are expected to accord to the beliefs of others the same tolerance which they desire for their own.'" This interested me, and I listened with increasing attention to further remarks dropped from time to time, seemingly casual, almost careless. (I have since learned that they were most carefully and prayerfully considered.) Respect for the source of the crumbs of information let fall, was heightened immeasurably by a remarkable change in my personal surroundings and in the atmosphere of my home. "There may be something in this Theosophy business, after all," I thought; for I was beginning to be conscious that I lacked something in my life that I could not afford to be without, and to feel a sort of envy of this earnest striving towards an ideal with a faith and devotion which I knew I did not possess. Then the Great War came. Deeply stirred, but still confused as to the inner meaning of it all, I finally attended a meeting of the T. S., and was at once profoundly impressed by the attitude towards the war taken by the speakers at this meeting. Their words were so right, they rang so true, disclosing a wisdom, insight, and courage which commanded instant and deep admiration. Later, I discovered that their attitude towards the war was but one aspect of the vision of the leaders of the Society into the meaning and purpose of life; that the war was simply an outward manifestation of the perpetual inner conflict between the forces of good and evil. The keenest disappointment of my life occurred when I was debarred from entering active service in the war. Men who were eager to enter the fray, but who had found that their duty lay in remaining at home, must have been immensely comforted and encouraged, as I was,

by the theosophical statement that it was the duty as well as the privilege of each one of us to aid the cause of the Masters in the war by doing everything in our power to combat the forces of evil in the world, beginning with those within our own natures.

At the meetings of the Society, which I now attended regularly, I listened to sound common-sense in respect to right thinking and right living; wise and convincing answers to questions of every conceivable kind; evidence of deep spiritual insight; a loving sympathy and a desire to help others to gain something of that insight through their own efforts to conquer their lower and build up their higher nature. Then I found the most illuminating, practical, and helpful suggestions in articles in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY as to how to go about doing the things I had heard discussed in the meetings, and I soon learned that the members were bending all the energy of their being upon putting these principles into practice, and that they were consequently speaking from a knowledge born of experience. The true test of any belief or system of thought lies in its effect upon the life. Having been privileged to observe the effects of the application of theosophical principles upon the lives of a number of members of the Society, I perceived that this test was being systematically, unremittingly applied with a devotion and concentration that was a revelation. The secret lay in the development of the inner, or spiritual, nature and life of man, which was nothing more or less than practical occultism,—my bugbear of a few months before. Thus I became aware that I had come into contact with a group of people who had a philosophy of life which could and did explain the many riddles which I had long ago ceased trying to solve, attributing them to the "inscrutable workings of Providence" which no man could fathom. It became clear to me that, apart from Theosophy, there is no scientific or accurate knowledge accessible in the West, and no conception of what real occultism means; that the much-vaunted "civilization" of the West was the product of a development of the purely material aspect of the universe in all lines of study, research or other human endeavor; and that a smug complacency over the material progress attained had buried deep the consciousness of eternal truths which were so well-known and understood centuries ago in the East. Also, I learned that "Theosophy is not a body of dogmas, for truth cannot be cramped into formulas and dogmas." It is "practically a method, intellectually an attitude, ethically a spirit, and religiously a life." It "would have each man follow his own highest light till it leads him to his own Master and his own immortality." The theosophical ideal opens a wealth of thought and inspiration, stupendous in its grandeur and power; reveals as the only means of true spiritual progress the path of discipleship and all that it entails of conquest of self and the elimination of everything that hampers the lifting of the soul to the Light and holding it there steadfastly; provides a motive that transcends

self in the desire that the Masters of Wisdom shall be served—those Elder Brothers who are yearning so passionately that man shall recognize and claim his divinity, shall learn and obey the law that all life is one and tends to one goal,—union with the Divine. Thus the Society seeks to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of humanity upon the spiritual or occult plane, whose members strive and long for the salvation of the race through this union. How different is this ideal from the false and perverted ideas of brotherhood so prevalent in our day!

There had come into my life what seemed an insurmountable difficulty—a stone wall—in connection with something which it was obviously my duty to attempt to solve. This was a cross, a misfortune, which in my blindness and ignorance of the workings of Karma—the Divine Law, "poetic justice"—I was unable to understand, still less to cope with. Finally I sought advice and help from one of the older members of the T. S., whose marvellous sympathy, wisdom, and insight, re-enforced by an astonishingly generous offer of practical help and co-operation in the solution of my problem, I shall never forget or cease to be grateful for. Time has proved that the solution of the difficulty was the only one possible; further, that it could not have been made, or the means for working it out furnished by anyone else in the whole wide world! What in my ignorance I had deemed a cross, like all crosses when we accept them, has proved to be the greatest blessing, with infinitely far-reaching results. Upon this occasion, which was during the period when the mind and heart were still shackled by the habit of years, blinding one to the vision or restraining one from embracing it, a remark was made which disclosed the principle underlying the motive for my having been so miraculously blessed. It is, I think, one of the corner-stones upon which the whole teaching rests: "Whenever there is a real need or hunger of the soul, it is *always* met."

H.

Tribulation is the King's highway, beaten and tracked with the sacred steps of the Master, and with a countless number of Saints, who all of them have made their affliction the degrees of their glory.—CASSIAN.

SOAMES AND THE UNIVERSE

SOAMES was alone with the Universe. Soames was desperately lonely. There was so much to do, and he, alone, to do it all. So great was his task that, in large and small matters alike, he was frequently forced to neglect some duty. Despite all his energy, international policies would go off the track. Despite his advice, his mother-in-law would buy bonnets which were unsuitable. It pained Soames to see the consequences of his unavoidable neglect. So many things which should be done well, were done poorly. It was certainly impossible for one human man to do it all alone. There were times when Soames could not sleep from keen realization of the crying needs of the Universe, and of his own utter inadequacy to rise to all the calls for his intervention. Soames was conscientiously courageous, however. Soames did his best to do what he knew he should do.

Soames found it hard for one human brain to know all that should be known in order that he might do his work. Here and there he turned eagerly for knowledge: now dipping into science; now into philosophy; again into religion. Yet, all the time Soames felt the hopelessness of this endeavour. Despite the recognition of the need that there was for him to know all, that he might the better serve, he could not succeed in knowing all. He had to neglect the Universe. He regretted the necessity, for he saw what was happening to the Universe from his inability to meet each emergency. He saw the suffering and errors from his unavoidable neglect of his stupendous task.

In time the Universe itself also recognized his neglect. Then it rose in indignation. It smote Soames.

When the Universe acts, it takes no half measures. Soames discovered, as a penalty for his inability to run the Universe, that his own little business jealously resented his not giving himself up to it, just as if it were the Universe itself. In other words, Soames' business failed. His family, as Soames recognized, sensed their own desperate need for his specific attention. Because he was unable to give it to them, they too, in narrow selfishness, turned from him in their disappointment over not receiving his exclusive attention. This recognition of the impossibility of his responding to their need spread from his family to his friends. Soames discovered that he was unpopular; even not beloved of those closest to him. Yet the Universe needed him so desperately that he accepted his martyrdom.

Soames was undismayed and courageous. He fought on to help the Universe, despite these trivial, yet trying, failures. Soames did his best, but the Universe was a jealous mistress. Each single phase of it unmistakably was calling for his exclusive attention. He could not

satisfy all. This was not understood. The time came when Soames felt the bitterness of ingratitude from the Universe. He admitted complete failure.

Soames was truly alone in the Universe. He felt so utterly alone that he even felt outside of it. This gave Soames time and opportunity to observe the Universe; even himself. As he observed, fragments of old studies came back to him. For the first time, Soames began to wonder if he really was the sole source of inspiration in the Universe; its only hope; its one dependence.

Soames still remembers how this startling thought first came to him. He had been sitting at home for several days. He had been facing his responsibility to the Universe for not having done what he should have done. Meanwhile his wife had been urging him to go forth and make money, because butcher and baker and candlestick maker were growing unpleasantly urgent that their bills should be paid. Soames had attempted to make the dear woman understand. Patiently he had tried to show her that he was not blameworthy, merely because the Universe had resented his utter inability to be all things to all men in all ways. Mrs. Soames could not understand. She became even annoyingly persistent. Soames took refuge with a file of QUARTERLIES. They had been part of the reading he had undertaken in the days when he was seeking to equip himself to rise to his grave and great responsibilities. For a time this re-reading strengthened Soames' concept of the Universe and of his own importance therein. As he went on reading, however, an uneasy something arose in him, which, in his earlier and salad days, Soames would have called "conscience." Whatever it was, it decided him to take pity upon his wife. However childish her point of view, he would try to enter into it to soothe her. He would take her into the Universe with him, he decided, so he began considering how she would regard the Universe.

"If a man really comprehends the Universe, he should comprehend anything therein." Thus Soames argued to himself. Therefore, he felt, he should comprehend his wife's point of view; even try to comply with it. "To a woman's mind her family is the Universe. Naturally she feels they deserve exclusive attention. So be it!"

Soames rose from his chair and went into the next room. "Well, Matilda," he said, "if you really feel that it is more important that I should devote myself to my own family rather than to helping my fellowmen, who need me so, I will go right down town and see Rawlinson. He told me he would like to have me go to work for him. It will prevent my doing much that should be done. Still, if you feel that it is right for me to sacrifice myself and others, I will be glad to do anything to stop your being so unhappy. I find I cannot do the thinking that I should do, while you are so unhappy, so I am going right down town."

"Sylvanus, I am so glad," cried Mrs. Soames, "and do you know, I am old-fashioned. I do not believe that the Lord wants you to try to do His work and to fulfil His obligations, and not to do your own and fulfil yours."

Soames' second test of his intention to sacrifice himself was to keep silent. He could, so easily, have proved to his wife that his real duty and obligation was to the Universe.

Soames saw Rawlinson and went to work. In his bitterness towards the ingratitude of the Universe, Soames decided that he would turn his back upon it to punish it. He devoted himself exclusively to the interests of the Soames family. Time went on. Mrs. Soames wore new dresses. The children wore whole shoes. Soames' equity in the house, into which he had moved, steadily grew.

Soames even forgot the Universe. Nevertheless Soames prospered. More than that, Soames became prosperous. People looked up to him. His family were proud of him. He became popular. He was urged to run for alderman. He refused. He said he would be glad to help any good movement, but that a man's first duty lay in doing his own duty. He said he was not yet in a position to take time from his family needs to help the public.

One night there came in the mail for Soames the cancelled mortgage of his house. As he sat alone in his comfortable study, and looked at the mortgage, Soames thought of the Universe.

Suddenly Soames realized that he had once more discovered the Universe. More than that: Soames found that the Universe is controlled by loving wisdom, and that when a man bows his head to the yoke and pulls loyally down the furrow, the Universe rewards the effort.

Soames went down stairs to where his wife was sitting. "Do you know, Matilda," he said, "I have made a discovery. Since the Universe is infinite, every part of it must contain the whole. The duty that a man owes to the Universe is done when he does his own duty."

"Sylvanus," said Mrs. Soames, "you have certainly done your duty. You have made us all happy, and I do not know any more popular man."

"I am glad you feel that way," said Soames, "because I am so happy myself that I like to have others share it." There was a moment's silence. Then, suddenly, Mrs. Soames said:

"Have you ever stopped to think, Sylvanus, how much happier and more prosperous we have been since you put the Golden Rule into operation?"

"Just what do you mean by that?" asked Soames, feeling puzzled, because he could see no connection in what his wife said.

"I mean since you gave up what you wanted to do, and went down to see Mr. Rawlinson, just because it was what I wanted you to do for the sake of the children."

"I don't see," said Soames, "what that has to do with the Golden Rule?"

"Why, Sylvanus, dear, don't you know that for years you wanted everybody to sacrifice themselves for you, and it was not until you sacrificed yourself for others that our luck turned?"

"M-M-M," murmured Soames, "that makes me think of two sentences that I have just found in the QUARTERLY: 'Everything is founded upon sacrifice. God set the example when he created the Universe.'"

"Well," said Mrs. Soames, "you ought to feel satisfied at last, because doesn't that make you a partner with God?"

Soames went to sleep that night feeling that he was no longer alone in the Universe, but a part of it.

SYLVANUS SOAMES.

In the prayer of rapture, man is effaced from self, so that he is not conscious of his body, nor of things outward and inward. From these he is rapt, journeying first to his Lord, then in his Lord. If it occur to him that he is effaced from self it is a defect. The highest state is to be effaced from effacement.—GHAZZALI.

POST WAR PROBLEMS

LABOUR AND THE CHURCH

A Workman's Retrospect

I.

"AND you will pray for the Church; that He may divinely enkindle, and strengthen and guide it."

These words, as nearly as I remember them, and simple enough in themselves—were yet brimful of inner and outer meaning to me, when I recalled them, together with qualifying and associate sentences, as I slowly left the Church that Sunday morning: my mind filled with the morning's theme and with a new sense of worship in my heart.

Our thoughts had been turned to post-war problems—"reconstruction." Pre-turned, perhaps I should say, as the end was not then in sight. It was about the time when the second series of great Marne battles were being fought; when Paris was for the second time in danger of becoming a German stronghold—and the key-city to German world-dominion; when we, here at home, had either to face the possibility of a German invasion—German pillage, brutality, filth, and outrage upon our own soil—or to send to Europe hurriedly, in greater numbers, the fittest of our sons.

Some of the worshippers had doubtless been thinking of this. The war and its incidents of cleansing pain and sacrifice had been made the subject of inquiring prayer; and the feeling at times had been so heart-felt, so intense, that one could almost hear the booming of guns, and feel the near and distant clarified atmosphere; while one or two of us, I knew, had felt the deeper and more fateful inner issues which concern rather the souls of nations. We felt that in the end we, as a nation, would be adjudged by divine ideas alone—by God's own sense of justice and right in the matter—and not by any democratic thesis or dethroning of kings.

The service hour was early, while it was yet cool; before the sun rose high. And it may be, too, that the earlier morning air is naturally more rarefied inwardly; just as in the morning's early hours our hearts and minds are said to be more intuitively receptive to the higher and diviner things of life. Our rector, I remember, once spoke of this,—"Father" Banning, some of us would more intimately call him, although, so far as I know, it is only a courtesy, in recognition of his corrective love and care. His hair has whitened, but not so much with years as by events in his personal life, as I had come to know; and the effect that morning was heightened by the sheen white of his surplice and of the altar furnishings in the morning sunlight, as it streamed untinted through the chancel's opened windows.

The "father," as I prefer to call him, is thin and ascetic looking, yet his figure is sinuous and erect, suggestive of reserved vigour. There are times when he reminds me more of the French soldier-priests, fighting in the trenches, and of the asceticism of the battlefield, rather than of solitude and the cloister, though signs of the contemplative—the inner warrior-contemplative—are not lacking in his face. His earnest request to us—to pray—had in it something of imperativeness, almost of command.

Whenever the Church was mentioned there were certain inflections in the father's voice, familiar to me as expressive of inner awakening concern, as if, in this soul-searching hour, he were more keenly conscious of the Church's inner and outer responsibilities and its vast opportunity. He had often spoken to me of the saints of the Roman Church, the most notable amongst them and catholic in the wider sense, such as St. Teresa of Jesus, and St. Francis of Assisi, St. Catherine of Siena, and some of the great saint-scholars whom he sometimes quoted. He said the liberated spiritual energies of these were not yet spent, nor had their love and labours ceased to uplift us. By those who would listen, their voices might still be heard; and we needed their positive example of forceful and virtuous living as never before. And, although I am only beginning to understand these things, and to know the father intimately, I am inclined to think that some of those thoughts returned to him in that service hour.

This call for special prayer, daily and in our own homes, came after a brief recital of some of the father's highest hopes for the Church's immediate future. It followed a brief description of a few re-dedicated wayside shrines in France, which for many years had stood unused and unheeded, save to serve as marks for German guns in the first months of the war. As I remember, they indicate the cross-roads, as well as where the devout would be likely to assemble. When some of our own boys were passing on their way to the front, and there was less danger of German shells, some little French children were seen to gather at one of those shrines and were overheard to pray, in words too simple and full of perfect faith for me to repeat, for a blessing upon American mothers and fathers.

And in England, too, here and there, where for centuries none had stood, wayside shrines were at that time springing up, as it were, overnight. Perchance some tired, though tenacious munition worker might reverently bare and bow his head in prayer or silent recollection of the newly found Living Christ, whom his wounded soldier-shopmates declared they had seen face to face as they fought and fell. And it was commonly believed among both the French and the English that those who would never return, who had made the greater sacrifice, were led on by Him still fighting: on, past death's invisible front line to their part in the Allied nations' and His own inner victory—farther "West"!

Our boys were then quietly digging themselves in, preparatory to

our share in the fighting. Yet there were no shrines on our own roadsides, that the father knew of, from whence we, too, might prayerfully aid them, except it be in our own hearts.

Father Banning's principal theme, however, was more militant than devout, as that word is generally understood. As I listened, full, clear, and true came that higher spiritual keynote we need so much at this time; that we need at all times, and just as much in our normal life as when we are fighting. But we shall need it especially in the work of reconstruction, immediately before us, if that is to be made the spiritual awakening which we, in our rarer moments of war-time inspiration, have desired it to be, and not the administrative, specious world dream, and spiritual lethe, which it is in danger of becoming! It is for this vital reason that I am endeavouring to repeat the father's theme, to impart something of its inner stimulus and teaching, as I now recall it, even though imperfectly, in broken sentences, and in my own diction.

Incidentally, the father in his discourse likened the times we are living in to some great lenten period, in the early spring of one of God's greater years. As in the lesser, truly observed lent—our own periodic inner and outer struggle—so now was God bringing to light and life and to instant action the more potent and widespread, hidden motives, both high and low,—laying bare powers devilish, and also the loftiest of human passions. In nations and men there is taking place a world-wide sifting of the wheat from the chaff in human life and its institutions. In the fullness of this greater springtime, as on some great Easter Morn —men, too, would say they had seen Him, that He had walked and talked with them upon the way.

And he spoke of Him as Paul, the great post-lenten disciple, would have us know Him,—as soldier, priest and king! Using Paul's similitudes of perfection in sovereignty and holy orders, he spoke of Him as after that archaic Order of Melchisedec; kings of righteousness and of peace beyond our present human understanding; royal priests of the Most High, themselves the sacrifice, immortal, divine—of beginningless and endless life, like unto the Sons of God; kingly priests and priestly kings of old, sacred and mysterious personages of which we can learn so little.* But beyond this, as the conqueror of the world's evil, He was the Soldier Immortal, the divine exemplar in Paul's own fight. "The Master and disciple—soldier, priest, and king," slowly reiterated the father; "A divine fruition of their ideal human counterparts in our midst. Here to remain, maybe, in purer and ever purer forms, until the eternal principles they would symbolize to us shall have become woven into our common inner life and being."

To elucidate further points, he used the symbol of a fully armed and

* It is recorded, too, that these kings of the Order of Melchisedec were the great administrators of justice among the Jewish and surrounding Arab nations in Abraham's time, presumably of clear-seeing, never-failing, never-faltering justice, as God Himself would have it. They were arbiters of the issues of battle also; and from this we might well infer that they were combatants themselves in righteous war!

armoured knight, in ceaseless action. Our moral and physical courage and willing obedience; our well-fulfilled duties; our faith and enthusiasm, and our inner endeavours and prayers and love for Him, in so far as these are pure and virile and strong, may be said to be as a keen-edged, well-tempered sword in His and our hands, for our country's immediate inner and outer defense.

Moreover, these—to follow our knightly symbol still closer—were a silent and direct challenge to the remaining evil in our own hearts, as to every would-be wrong-doer in our midst, in the tourney lists of life within and around us, as, conversely, our self-seeking will and sin were accumulative for our own and our nation's moral and spiritual weakness and eternal defeat. And under one of God's own laws, for the safe-guarding of His will and purposes, every just war was the outcome of a similar inner challenge, similarly given,—perhaps long before, silently gathering in strength meanwhile, till its opposer and the moment for decisive action came, when a would-be righteous nation closes its visor—and mobilizes its fighting forces, munitions and men.

The father reminded us that none could serve two masters, nor serve simultaneously under opposing generals in these days; nor love Christ and His enemies at the same time, as some of us were vainly trying to do.

As that knightly spiritual symbol grew more and more luminous and clear to me, the Master's life and light and love shining through it; I knew it in my heart to be the radiant image of the soul. The soul itself is essentially a fighter: this was the great fact the war had revealed to us, the knowledge the German nether-soul had forced upon us.

II.

Our church is small and the worshippers were few that morning, and as I walked along my thoughts went out to some of them.

There were some well-to-do people amongst us, and by one of those seeming paradoxes in life I was attracted to and interested in them. We approached one another, and the church door, from opposite directions, as it were, from the opposite extremes of social and material life, yet the inner obstacles we had each to overcome were akin. Through long, wearisome years, as I have reason to know, some of those people had been slowly learning that wealth is, after all, only an asset, a "talent," moral, spiritual, or material, as we make it, and not a power in itself. While, as a poor man, it had been as slowly and finely ground into me, by hard-earned experiences, that toil and poverty and hardships, and heavy burdens of responsibility are necessary to the moral and spiritual redemption of the vast majority of my class.

Thus we entered the church where, through Father Banning's "medieval notions" of daily prayer and religious exercises, we had begun to find that only in so far as we reach to the soul in ourselves can we hope to bring it to life in others.

Among those of our church is one whose great wish is that Science,

its tireless efforts turned inwards, should discover, symbolized in its researches, the Way of the Cross: that the scientist with eyes undimmed by self and sin, or by nature's material false reflections, might see the glorified human soul he has so often failed to extricate from his laboratories and experiments.

And there is one, I know, whose heart's desire it is to make new designs for the chancel's stained-glass windows, which shall typify the vicarious fighting from Mons, Verdun, and the Marne; he would have the White Comrade there, tending the wounded and dying, His own hands and feet and side not yet healed. There should be place also for St. George, the English St. Michael, leading his deathless and invincible angel hosts, brigaded with the fighting souls of the war's first dead, at Mons; for Jeanne d'Arc, warrior-saint and disciple, battling now as never before for the spiritual sovereignty of France, the Sacred Heart upon her banners; and for humble Lieutenant Péricard's exalted deed at the Bois Brulé—"Rise, ye dead men!" and the dead and dying as they arose, their souls aflame with the fire of conflict.

He would have some representation of the evil thing, beast-like and monstrous, with which this still unfinished struggle has been fought; and he would include a scene of crucified prisoner-soldiers, silhouetted against a darkened sky, or, returning home, branded and maimed and leprosy-infected at the hands of dexterous German surgeons; the iridescent inner spiritual light of these to illumine the high altar, and their blackening shadows there to stay, lest we as a nation forget, or should again look on and wait.

III.

But there is also my own post-war problem: I am a workman, and my thoughts turn naturally to those whose daily lives and predilections I share. As I now look out upon forty odd years of a workshop life, not yet ended, I can see more or less clearly some of the ameliorative efforts, made during that time, to redeem us, as a class. There were the developments from the endeavours of such men as Maurice and Kingsley, in England, to smooth the working-class pathway with middle-class cultural refinements, middle-class paintings, poetry, music, and social amenities,—all of these of doubtful uplifting value, inasmuch as none of them, so far as I could see, had made any deep spiritual impress upon the middle-class itself. Out of those efforts, as my memory serves me, sprang the university settlement-houses and the workingmen's colleges of England's large cities,—that English working-class men and women might breathe for a brief evening's space the rarefied air of Oxford and Cambridge and other large English universities; perchance that, as a class, they might visibly rise thereby to higher spiritual levels. And I have seen many such benignly intentioned efforts come westward, to be newly energized or reborn here among our own people.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, and the increasing political power that has been given to us, it appears to me that, as a class, we should have

been little further advanced, spiritually, but for the recent stirrings of inner life that the war has brought to some of us. Nay, more, where the lines of class demarcation and cleavage have not for the time been swept away by the war's common demands, they have become more visible and sharply defined; while the two hemispheres are seething with working-class discontent, and Society is being stealthily undermined with Bolshevism, as the war's aftermath. In Europe, particularly, the working people's idea would seem to be either to absorb the upper classes in a grotesque attempt to deprive them of their legitimate functions and to copy their vices; or, as "self-determinedly" to destroy them, and to leave no trace, except the wreckage, as witness to the crime.

In our own country, when the exigencies of the war were forcing men of all classes to assume many new political and personal, moral and spiritual responsibilities,—the head of the great Steel Corporation, in discussing the modern labour movement, declared that by the outwardly levelling process now in progress—"call it socialism, social revolution, bolshevism, what you will, . . . the workman without property who labours with his hands is going to be the man who will dominate the world." As a government high official, moreover, at that crucial time, he, seemingly, sought to placate this ruling power-to-be, by going from shipyard to shipyard morally cudgelling and coaxing the men to greater efforts, to realization of the country's war needs; and, by smoothly spoken words, to appease, if possible, the leading few whose avowed aim was permanently to force up wages by inducing the workers to "go slow" while this propitious, war-created opportunity lasted.

The president of the American Federation of Labor has himself since openly declared for world-government by the combined forces of internationally organized labour, as we now know them. While some time previous to this, as if to show, perhaps, the ethical foundations upon which it is intended that labour should build, a less known political labour leader, who was chosen by our Federal Government to handle labour and capital disputes for the period of the war, addressed the following words to a wildly applauding audience of delegated representatives of iron-ship building trades' workers:

> "It is not a mere question of being behind President Wilson. . . . The question is, are you behind yourself? We took advantage of the situation abroad, . . . (and) before war was declared by the United States we saw to it that organized labour was going to get proper recognition, and that conditions of employment and standards of living would not be interfered with. . . . Nothing can be done, unless we are consulted and practically give our consent to it. . . . You have the ship-building. And we are not talking about getting a penny an hour now. . . . We are striking for dollars. We have forgot that there is such a thing on the market as a penny any more. . . . All are asking for dollars,—two dollars a day increase, three dollars a day increase. We are just coming together and going to get dollars now instead of pennies. . . . I want you to get that into your heads. For the first time in the history of the United States Government, . . . Uncle Sam is paying the expenses of union committees to come to Washington to meet

> the employers. Isn't that a pretty good union agreement? That is only the beginning. I hope the convention here will get in their minds that beautiful thought of more. Place your officers in a position to go out and demand. . . . And in this crisis, instead of our power being lessened, we will come out after the war is over bigger and greater than we ever were before."

This abandoned appeal to class selfishness was made in the fourth year of the war,—on the eve of its decisive battles, when our troops were hurriedly embarking for the front in British ships! For aught these men knew, and seemingly cared, they would have sacrificed their own sons, if not the country, to add a digit to their paychecks, or for a few hours' less work a week.

Some have even dared to suggest that the Church cast aside its "mysteries," which they evidently do not understand, and prostitute its potentially divine energies in an alliance with organized labour; that labour might gain thereby some few outer benefits, earned or unearned, merited or unmerited, that it may desire. Absurd as this proposition may seem to some, it is to me by no means impossible that organized labour, with its purely selfish and material aims, may seek to live and thrive, vampire-like, on the Church's spiritual vitality. If conjoined, their energies might give abortive birth to some of those wildly inchoate "Christian" socialistic schemes of an industrial, earthly paradise, familiar to us by many names,—possibly to yield a harvest of more or less violence as the promised richer results from these are not forthcoming. For spiritual nemesis follows swiftly its causes in these days, as we may have seen.

What of the so-called Christian Labor Guilds of Germany?—founded at the express request of the Kaiser, some twenty odd years before the war? These church and labour unions comprise both Catholics and Protestants, and were formerly intended, not so much to give sanctity or lower-class religious feeling to the world-Germanizing movement, as to prepare the German working people themselves for their necessary and due part in the plan, as subsequent events have shown to be the case.

In accordance with the well known character of Vatican traditions, the inner and actively perverted side to these was, evidently, either secretly endorsed or silently consented to by Rome until 1912, when their conduct and continued existence, as a recognized part of the Roman Church, were placed before Pope Pius X. He advised, in the *Singulari quadam,* September 24th of that year, that they be "tolerated," and allowed, so far as their Catholic members were concerned, to remain under diocesan rule, side by side with other and purely Roman Catholic church and labour organizations, formed later, to avoid, if possible, the incessant personal strife, hitherto engendered. Neither the Vatican nor the German Emperor, nor the German people, were disappointed in their common protégé, or in the help and promise those guilds gave to Germany's still unrelinquished attempt at world-wide spiritual destruction.

The clerically sponsored labour unions of Germany, with their representatives in the Reichstag, have almost from their birth fought

the purer forms of catholicism and protestantism, and have compounded with the socialist to incite and carry on German interclass warfare; they have stood, openly or secretly, back of the Vatican and of Prussian intrigues for world-conquest and temporal power, and have been as solidly behind the German armies of occupation, with their murdering, pillaging, and outraging. A glimpse of this may be obtained from *Pan-Germanism versus Christendom,* by Réné Johannes. André Cheradame, in his *The Essentials of Enduring Peace,* also mentions that one of these guilds, a few weeks before the armistice, called for the retention of the stolen coal-fields of Longwy-Briey. With such things as these in mind, I have sometimes wondered what part Luther's had been in Germany's downfall,—what the effect of his violent political councils, and his pulpit-advocacy of libertinism, along with his broken Augustinian vows!

Whenever such church and labour alliances as the above are advocated, we should be wise to remember how it was when the Master himself worked outwardly among men. There was the multitude,—the common people who in the beginning heard him gladly, whose sick he healed, whose dead he raised to life—whom he loved. Was it not they who became incensed when he would no longer miraculously feed them, and refused either to help them to political power or to free them from Cæsar's yoke, by becoming their constitutional king? And was it not they who at the Passover Festival—their yearly thanksgiving for deliverance from Egyptian fetters—were stirred to final and overwhelming reaction by their leaders, and cried "crucify him"? The divine life-energies he had so abundantly and continuously poured out upon them were in the end, almost in an instant, turned against him. And so it would inevitably be as between the Church and the labouring class, were they to enter into such a compact as here described.

IV.

"And how would you have us regard labour, my son?" said Father Banning to me, after listening patiently to some of the opinions I have expressed above.

"Just the same as you would any other individual, Father!" I replied

"We may have the whole social, industrial, political and economic structure remodelled to suit our requirements; may have every æsthetic and emotional want satisfied, but I have yet to see that this would necessarily raise us morally, or bring us any nearer to Christ and the inner world,—as so many preachers and would-be uplifters seem to imply. In the absence of any more marked signs of repentance than we, as a class, now show, I do not see how satisfying all our demands will change us inwardly. Neither do I see that it can free us from the direct consequences of the industrial sins we continue, wilfully or unknowingly, to commit in common life together, and which must be atoned for at some time in our common workaday life. No outwardly ameliorative measure, no change in state organization and law, can ever

exempt us from those penalties, it seems to me, any more than we can be absolved, by a word, from the sins we, as individuals, daily and hourly fall into; and which, you know, are only wiped out by suffering—our own and our Master's.

"I hardly need to remind you that the mistake, as I see it, is not in seeking to safeguard our worldly interests, nor in caring for our mental and emotional health and physical well-being. No, it lies in working so exclusively for these, thinking thereby to supply our inner needs, or that it would by chance lead us up to something ethically higher and finer in life, if not to our moral and spiritual regeneration.

"Our present-time mood, resentful of moral restraint the world over, and our self-assertive tendencies to revolt more or less aimlessly and with sinister purpose, regardless of others, should make this mistake perfectly clear. Even the German industrial workers, you will remember, were reputed to be amongst the best educated and best cared-for working people in all Europe:—with what spiritual result we may see by following their trail through Belgium and France.

"There are some God-given industrial laws as inexorable and exacting as that of supply and demand, and as soul-saving, in a way, as any of those which seem to us to apply only to the things of our immortal life. So long as these are disobeyed, any social, economic, and political defenses we may attempt to put around ourselves will, in time, be demolished.

"We need a more spiritual motive-force in our common working life. On the employers' side some higher and nobler impulse than greed of gain, or mere love of business strategy and money-making tactics for their own sakes,—something industrially akin to the old spirit of *noblesse oblige*. And for ourselves we need a more redeeming incentive than feeling compelled to work for a living, while envying the rich, and ambitious to become one of them, but lacking the ability. We need to put out more self-regenerative effort and honest work—to feel and to live up more to our class responsibilities, obligations, and duty—on both sides.

"We have heard much of the self-seeking and useless lives of the upper classes, and almost every sin possible to an employer has been made known to us by publicists in the past twenty or thirty years. It has yet to be as commonly and clearly recognized by those who really wish to help us, that employer and workman are pretty much alike at heart; that, when we are put to the moral test, there is little to choose between us; that, as many of us have learned by experience, the small employer, who has risen from our own ranks, is usually the very worst man for whom to work.

"To put our own case in its most favorable light, making the most of the burdens that selfish and unscrupulous employers and financiers have put upon us,—the fact remains that for material services, for the most part sparingly, listlessly, and often sullenly rendered, we have

constantly demanded, as a class, the spiritual reward of lasting liberty and happiness; whereas our right to these can only come to us, like our wages, as we earn them. That we reap what we sow is my belief, as it is yours, Father," I continued.

"But our great need is to live cleaner lives on both sides. By far the most enslaving force we meet is one seldom recognized by social reformers,—it is that morally fetid air, the by-product of our personal lives, which hangs like a malarial vapour about most workshops, factories, and offices. Intangible as it is, it is made almost visible by the degenerate anecdotes, similes and innuendoes in common use.

"Wherever you find spiritual life springing up amongst us, life which is industrially self-redemptive, spontaneously generous and forgiving, honest and clean, you will see very little of this coming from any extraneous efforts on our behalf, and little indeed, even, from evangelistic work among us. You will see it mostly as the fruits of pain and sorrow, sacrifice and suffering, poverty and increasing burdens of duty and responsibility in our private and common lives. However we may put our feelings into words, in our hearts we know industry to be a form of devotion, the companion of religion in common life. Dimly, and in our various ways, we see industry as evidencing the human soul struggling upward by self-devised efforts, through divinely imposed tasks, to free itself; and it is, therefore, divinely ordained—a necessary part in the Master's great plan for the western world.

"Here, almost in a word, is the Church's task, the Church labour problem—to make of modern industry the companion of religion in modern life. Can such an end be furthered by those misleading emotional sympathies and religio-economic utterances which come from many pulpits? No, these have but helped to enervate us spiritually, morally, and physically,—have fed our vanity and self-importance, and hastened us to the point where we are now practically demanding to be given the world's balance of power. These have been to us as a stone, given instead of the bread of inner life for which some of us are hungering. Have they not been even as a poison in the communion cup that has been handed to us?

"Our real and most pressing need is for moral and spiritual instruction and guidance. We need the moral and spiritual daily food which we can assimilate, both as individuals and as a class; which it is the function of the Church to supply; and which will nourish our impoverished, underfed, moral and spiritual systems.

"There is an industrial way of the cross,—this I know. And maybe He, become divine workman for our sakes, has trodden and knows every inch of its path; but it does not begin and end at the factory door.

"Behind the crucified form, as you know, in a blaze of inner light stands the Master Himself, living and accessible. You are His servitor, Father, here as in other spiritual matters, if I may presume to say so. And where we, with our limitations, cannot reach up to Him directly, you must be as the link in that living vicarious chain of saints and preceptors that bind us to Him."

LABOURING LAYMAN.

STUDENTS' SCRAP BOOK

The Missing Link

IN *The Secret Doctrine,* written in the years following 1885, and published in 1888-89, it is very positively stated that no missing link between man and the anthropoid apes will ever be discovered, because no such link has ever existed. (*The Secret Doctrine,* Vol. II., page 200; 1893 edition.)

In the intervening thirty years abundant relics of prehistoric man have been added to those known when *The Secret Doctrine* was published; of these relics, two groups have been hailed as genuine "missing links" between the anthropoid apes and *homo sapiens,* intelligent man.

The first of these groups of bones was found in 1891, within a few months of Mme. H. P. Blavatsky's death, near the native hamlet of Trinil, on the left bank of the Bengawan River, in central Java. The relics consisted of a part of a skull and two teeth. The skull appears to have been low and depressed, with strong supraciliary ridges. The teeth are very large. A year later, in 1892, a femur or thigh bone was discovered by the same explorer, Dr. Eugene Dubois, of the Dutch army medical service, at a spot fifty feet away from the site of the first find. Dr. Dubois leaped to the conclusion that femur and skull belonged to the same individual. On the strength of the depressed skull, he called the newly discovered creature Pithecanthropus, or "ape-man"; on the strength of the thigh bone, which appears to be distinctly human, he added the specific name Erectus, "standing upright."

In his *Prehistoric Man,* 1915, Professor J. F. Scott Elliot records, concerning Pithecanthropus Erectus, one of those instances of harmony among men of science which rejoiced the heart of the author of *The Secret Doctrine:* "The skull is considered a human skull by six of these celebrated authorities, who are, for the most part, English. It is thought to be a missing link, that is intermediate, by eight, mostly French; it is considered an ape's skull by six others, who are mostly German. Only one authority makes the femur that of an ape, thirteen consider it human, and six make it out intermediate." With unconscious humor Professor Scott Elliot says that these authorities are "all scientists whose opinion would be taken as final in any ordinary dispute."

In the autumn of 1911, at Piltdown, near Fletching, in Sussex, England, Mr. Charles Dawson found parts of a skull, for which also has been claimed the title of missing link. The right half of a lower jaw was later discovered in the same bed of gravel. As in the case of Pithecanthropus Erectus, Mr. Dawson at once leaped to the conclusion that the skull and the jaw had belonged to the same individual, of a new, pre-human species, for which was invented the name Eoanthropus,

"Man of the Dawn." And, since the jaw had characteristics resembling those of certain apes, while the skull was distinctly human, it was proclaimed that a new missing link had been found between the apes and man; and reconstructions of this ape-man, or, as Dr. Arthur Keith appears to think, ape-woman, have made their appearance in the museums.

It is interesting to find the same variety of opinion concerning Eoanthropus as has already been illustrated in the case of Pithecanthropus. On page 388 of Dr. Keith's *Antiquity of Man* are two reconstructions of the parts of the skull alone (without the jaw), one by Dr. Keith, the other by Dr. Smith Woodward, which suggest two widely different races, not merely two distinct individuals.

But the point of vital interest about the supposed Eoanthropus is this: Mr. Gerrit S. Miller, Jr., of the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, has published, in 1915 and 1918, two exceedingly able monographs, very lucid, though of necessity extremely technical, which appear to prove that Eoanthropus is a myth, for the very simple reason that the skull is the skull of a human being, while the jaw is the jaw of a prehistoric chimpanzee, overwhelmed, perhaps, in the same flood. So strong is Mr. Miller's case that, on the strength of the jaw, he has not hesitated to establish an early species of chimpanzee, which he calls Pan Vetus, Pan being the generic name of the chimpanzee, while vetus means simply "old."

An equally distinguished member of the Smithsonian staff, who has published many closely reasoned monographs on mammals, and has done excellent specialist work on the bones of the skull, confidently assured the writer of this study that "Pithecanthropus was nothing but a gigantic Gibbon," that is, an ape, pure and simple, with no human traits whatever, and therefore in no sense a "missing link."

It would seem, then, that neither Pithecanthropus nor Eoanthropus has any claim whatever to that title, and that the categorical statement in *The Secret Doctrine* has in no way been impugned.

C. J.

About Women

During the Red Cross "drive" in New York, many thousands of young girls served as collectors. They accosted men on the streets and asked them for money. They entered hotel lobbies and cafés, soliciting contributions. The writer saw one of them, unattended, enter for the same purpose a saloon in one of the less reputable neighborhoods of the city. These young girls were dressed in Red Cross garb. Occasionally they worked in pairs. But shall we be understood if we say that a day's work of that kind deprives a girl of something which—if she had not lost it previously—would have been one of her chief attractions

among men? Such an experience tends to make her bold, to toughen her. Men whom the fire of this war will purify, will not like bold, tough girls. A girl who has lost even a fraction of her modesty is to that extent less charming.

We read not long ago of a French girl, supposed (alas!) to be of the same descent as Jeanne d'Arc, and who was encountered by an American war correspondent driving an ambulance near the front. She wore trousers. She was smoking a big, black cigar. She crossed her legs. She had proved herself very efficient, very courageous. But a woman had been lost to the world, and—it is not fair to the men.

Jeanne d'Arc was not like that. She was a saint. She was modesty itself. And it is only saints who can do the work of men without losing their femininity. Ordinary women lose whatever they had to start with, which in some cases is so little that the loss may not be noticeable. Perhaps in that case it matters less, though it might be argued that it matters more. In any event, saintliness of motive and of manner will protect a woman from almost anything. But her saintliness must be consistent. It must increase as the result of every experience. It must grow the greater as she grows older. And how many real saints, such as that, are there in the world!

There are not men enough to do the work, it may be urged. Our reply is: there are men enough. For we do not suggest that women should do no manual labour. The work those girls were doing for the Red Cross was not manual. And if, as the result of their absence from the streets, the Red Cross had raised some twenty million dollars less than it did raise,—what of it? The total asked for was greatly oversubscribed. If more be needed later, it can and will be raised. The work of those girls was not needed. Nor do we believe that the work of women ever is needed when it is harmful. The universe is not governed that way. Granting that it is a woman's duty to do something, the doing of it is intended to ennoble and not to toughen her. Good women should not allow themselves to be stampeded into doing things against which their own instinct rebels, and, for the sake of their own sons and brothers, if not for the sake of womanhood in general, they ought not to countenance conduct in other women which detracts from modesty and which tends, in the end, to cheapen womanhood in the eyes of men.

Germany

The following is an extract from a letter written by a British officer who was a prisoner in Germany for three and a half years and who was then in Holland, having been "exchanged" for some German officer captured by the British.

In his first letter he said: "From the moment we crossed the frontier,

we were treated with the greatest kindness by everyone, the *first kindness* anyone had shown us in three and a half years."

Our correspondent adds:—"He writes with restraint, but the deepest bitterness of the Germans' treatment of our unfortunate prisoners, as he says there is no such thing as a decent German; they are an utterly uncivilized and barbarian nation, without an idea of truth and honour, and their word can never be trusted. No one knows them better than the prisoners, who have suffered so long and so terribly at their hands, and their testimony against the German nation is a terrible one."

Royalty

One of the more conservative New York newspapers, commenting on the reception of the Prince of Wales in Canada, reminds us that "the attendants of a queen bee bow and scrape as they retire from her presence, crawling backward." In that case, the newspaper adds, there is excuse for homage, because the queen bee is the mother of all the hive; but for mankind there is no excuse. Consequently, "homage to royalty is not so much super-human as infra-apian."

As usual, the man who writes reveals himself, and no more. The man who wrote that is a materialist. To a student of Theosophy, physical things are symbols of spiritual realities: more than that, they are the embodiment, though perhaps the very imperfect embodiment, of those realities. Ideally speaking, every word or act of man should be a sacrament, that is to say, "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace." Failure to recognize that as the ideal, and failure, therefore, to try to live up to it, results in sacrilege. Thus, marriage, which ought to be a sacrament, is in the vast majority of cases a sacrilege of the worst kind.

The student of Theosophy sees in royalty the reminder of that which used to be, and the promise of that which is to come,—namely, the reign of the Adept Kings, of those great beings who combine the dual function of Priest-Initiate and Ruler of men. He sees in royalty, therefore, the symbol, the promise, of his most passionate desire. But he sees more than that: he sees an expression in this world of the hierarchy of the Lodge; he sees "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace" actually bestowed on those who lawfully occupy thrones, by and through their birth in the first place, and, in the second place, as a result of their sacramental consecration.

Talleyrand, while still a Bishop, and about to celebrate Mass, appealed to a friend who was to be present, not to make him laugh. But though a sceptical mocking priest, or a dissipated priest, is horrible, nothing can be more repellant than royalty which prostitutes itself and turns sacrament into sacrilege. A.—Z.

ALSACE AND LORRAINE

Part III

Section III

France

THE spirit of a man—his soul, his enduring personality—is not to be discovered merely by the minute classification of his actions, thoughts, and feelings. These outer things are of the earth, earthy. Viewed from the inner world of permanent realities, they are at best stained, cramped, and distorted, because immersed in the crude materiality of an external, unspiritual medium. The spiritual man, —the Heavenly Man of St. Paul—is the essence of these outer manifestations of life and force,—that alone which has an element of immortality in them, that alone which, through them, obeys the fundamental laws of spiritual well-being. All else belongs to earth, and perishes when its cycle of existence ends.

The true individuality is the complete embodiment of a single purpose. The greatest men in history were those who stood for a certain principle, who worked towards a definite goal. It was that Cause to which they had dedicated their lives and which gave them a sure footing in the things of immortality, which has made them live for us long after the personality could survive. Great statesmen, great poets, great soldiers, and great saints who sometimes combined many of these functions, all flung ordinary life away, and raised themselves into an individual power able to identify itself with, and express, the nobler forces of life. So they have led the mass of humanity into the world's religions, they have saved oppressed peoples or destroyed tyrannies, they have founded religious orders, or created great works of art. And the thing in them which is imperishable is that which through all time endures, to inspire, to ennoble, to stimulate, to purify.

Properly to read history, properly to discover that which lies back of outer events and which reveals the purpose alike of individuals, or of societies, or of nations, one must be able to span more than the life of a single man, or of a dynasty, or even the comprehensive annals of a nation or a race. History will only be read aright when its unity lies revealed, when the eras and epochs fall into place as epi-cycles of the great days of God—which are as a thousand years, or as a day.

Thus, to understand France one must look within and behind the mass of historic detail. Outer events are symbols, and too often distorted, cryptic symbols, which veil the inner reality. To appreciate France one must read in terms of the larger life of the soul, in terms of epochs and cycles, in terms of national life and consciousness, rather than in terms

of single centuries, or even single lives. True it is that France is peculiarly rich in single lives, men and women who gave to France all that they were, and in turn embodied and expressed the purpose for which France—as an individual among nations—must herself be. But the true France is a larger and a nobler individuality than any one of her saints or kings, than any dynasty, or art, or literature, or historic event whatsoever.

The fabric of French national culture is woven of all these things, and something more. Out of the multifarious experiences of daily life, a man gradually evolves that self-conscious spiritual entity called by some the soul, by others the spirit in man, the Christ. And France, through her long past, has given birth to her own soul, her national spirit, her conscious and immortal Ego.

Because she has a soul, *is* a soul, her sons and daughters are overshadowed by the sense of her presence; they feel instinct within them the purpose of their existence; they sense their immortality, their youth, their vitality; they reach out after the beautiful in art, after truth in literature, after perfection in daily life. France to-day, and for decades of centuries, has not been merely a fortuitous conglomerate of stranger peoples, met together for shelter from the storms of war, for personal power, or for mutual commercial benefits. The "eternal traits of France," the "divine versatility of France," her marvellously coloured civilization, are fruits of a ripened individuality, are the realization in the world's outer life of the soul, stirring and speaking within.

More than any other nation, more than any other race, France is self-conscious. Her people recognize the permanent values which are her character and strength, which are knit into her deepest consciousness. "In each of us rests the whole of France, eager to expand in living deeds," writes Maurice Barrès; and he interprets truly the soul of France when he adds, "We are united in France because from the man of intellect to the humblest peasant we encounter the clear vision of something higher and nobler than our own trifling personal interests, and scent an instinct that the active sacrifice of ourselves for the glory of this ideal would be joyfully accepted. . . . All the traditions of the past, all the testimonials of to-day which I have gathered together, are one and all products of the same conception, made simple in France, which stands as the champion of well-being upon earth."[1]

The "champion of well-being upon earth"—that is the purpose of France, the key-note of her individual existence. She is the chosen nation. The world looks askance at that term. The Jews were a chosen people; and the Germans to-day have claimed, and may still be claiming for aught I know—to be God's own anointed. The Jews failed, they were unworthy. A "stiff-necked and rebellious people," they resisted all the special training of a thousand years, and when the hour of the fulfilment

[1] *Diverses familles spirituelles de la France;* trans. under the title *The Faith of France,* pp. 257, 254-5.

of their purpose was at hand, they stultified themselves, cast forth and sought to destroy the very centre of their soul's life, and hence, as a nation, destroyed themselves. Christ, son of the Father, and true King of the Jews, said to the leaders of the people, "Therefore I say unto you, the kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof."[2] A high privilege, their high calling, was taken from them, unworthy, and given to another.

Was it given to Germany? Germany, the perversion of things true and good, reflects in her muddy pool of psychic images such fragments of imperishable truth as pass before her face; and it is a proof of the existence of spiritual realities, and no real confusion, when psychic shadows and semblances spring up to ape and mock the truth which they reflect.

Essentially Germany is not a nation; she is a type of people, a race. She has never been united, she has never had a purpose, until Bismarck forced his own upon her. The many Germanys, the loosely bound German peoples of seventy years ago, galvanized by his force—an evil force—into a sudden concentrated burst of power, have shown the world what violence of effort may achieve. But this so-called German nation is no true nation, it has no true spirit, there is nothing immortal about it. Its infamy will endure a time, but even that will pass out from men's minds. "Gott mit uns"—God with us—say the Germans; and the Catholic priests of France invert this shadow, and reply, "Not God with us, but we with God. We do not bring God down to our level, but we strive to raise ourselves to His."

That is the heart of France. To raise itself to God is the heart's desire, the ceaseless effort of the soul. Her people, because they have a soul, are growing toward discipleship. And her greatest quality is loyalty; —loyalty to the right, loyalty to the highest that she sees, loyalty to her mission amongst men and her high calling, loyalty to her saints and warriors and kings.

The War has revealed the soul of France, tried again in the fire of adversity. Roused by a great need, France, her sight dimmed by the blindness of many of her leaders, nevertheless stood, fought, and won. She proved loyal to her trust and she has reaped a harvest for herself and all the world. Passionately she accepted the sacrifices demanded of her—all the more passionately perhaps, because for a century her sight had been beclouded by German socialism and the German pseudo-democratic lust for individual liberty. But the need to save France herself showed her people once more the responsibility that was theirs, the duty that France owes to other nations and to God. France again took the lead, France again came into her own, and the French people renewed their faith in themselves and in their mission.

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[2] *St. Matthew*, XXI, 43.

What nation is there that could express in good faith, and without self-conscious rhetoric, to-day's common creed of her young officers and men? One writes, "Many of the realities in the spiritual order, which up to now have been mere shadows, have through constantly recurrent experience, become visualized and vital. I am learning to live." [3] Many might say the same, but for what does this nineteen year old Frenchman live? "I dream eternally of the France of to-morrow, of this young France which awaits her hour. She must be a France that is consecrated, where none will have any right to live except for duty. . . . Our duty is to become apostles." [4] Again he writes, "More and more, before those who have fought and who have died, in the presence of the supreme effort which has been undertaken, I think of the future France, of the divine France which is to be. I could not fight at all were I not persuaded that in the birth of this new France I shall be amply rewarded for having killed, and for having died for her." [5]

Another, eighteen years of age, Antoine Boisson, writes on New Year's Day, 1916, "I am proud of being a soldier, of being young, of feeling brave and full of life; I am proud of serving my country, of serving France; loyalty to the flag, love of my native land, respect for a spoken pledge, a sense of honour, are not mere idle words, empty of meaning; they resound in my heart of eighteen like a clarion call; and it is for them, should it be necessary, that I shall press forward to the very limit of sacrifice." [6]

These Frenchmen have a religion, because they have France. What does young Jean Rival mean when he includes France in his dying testament, if it be not a something of the spiritual order, a great Soul to which his individual soul reaches up in worship and adoration? "Should I die, I will die as a Christian and as a Frenchman. I believe in God, in France, in victory. I believe in beauty, in youth, in life. May God protect me to the end. Yet, should the shedding of my blood aid towards victory, my God, Thy will be done." [7]

It is a spirit such as this, embosomed in countless Frenchmen, which has created and re-creates "eternal France." The growth and fruition of that consciousness may be traced through the centuries; and it is the purpose of this section to outline briefly the position of France in the civilization of Europe, both as revealed by the general sweep of her history, and as seen by her historians, poets, and philosophers. Then we shall be in a position to decide if Alsace-Lorraine really belong to France —are bone of her bone, and one spirit with her.

If it should be objected that it is grossly unfair to place the best of France—conceived in some such way—beside the worst of Germany, as revealed in preceding sections, the answer is, first, that we are endeavouring to discover what it is that Alsatians and Lorrainers mean when

[3] Alfred Cazalis in Barrès, op. cit., p. 227. [4] p. 225. [5] p. 209. [6] p 212. [7] p. 241.

they claim to be, and claim in the past to have become, integral parts of the French national spirit. These Provinces talk in terms of national feeling, of national consciousness, of *La Patrie,* and therefore we must use the same terms. Their claim to kinship with France will be considered later. Second, Germany in this War revealed what it *is,* just as France revealed herself. Facts are facts, and cannot be escaped. If Germany can show a virtue, a nobility, a spirit comparable with that of any of the Allied nations—let alone France—and such as all high-minded men may recognize as virtue, let it do so. What it has *done,* however, all men know. The fruits of two thousand years of German civilization can be measured in terms of unrepented crimes; of works of art irremediably destroyed; of an unnumbered list of dead, mutilated, and demoralized; of dishonour that has bred distrust, and infamy that has bred contempt. It is not these things which Alsace and Lorraine mean when they speak of their soul and the soul of France. It is such things that Alsace and Lorraine, through four hundred years of struggle, have sought to separate themselves from,—to escape.

Duruy, in his Preface to the *Histoire de France,* says that "there is always one point at which the general life is most intense and rich, a focus in which civilization concentrates its scattered rays," [8]—that is, France. This, as Guizot points out, is because "France did not enter into the arena of political liberty until she had made immense progress in civilization." [9] The criterion of things French, is civilization. "L'art de bien vivre"—the art of right living—is the mainspring of France's endeavour. "For more than twelve centuries, indeed, France seems to have acted, fought, and conquered or suffered, for the whole world. It has been her singular privilege that nothing of importance has been accomplished in Europe without her having a hand in it; no great political or social experiment has been tried that has not first been worked out within her borders; and her history is a summary and abstract of the whole history of modern civilization. Such was the part played by Athens in the Greek world, and later, in the third age of ancient civilization, that of Rome." [10] Thus writes Duruy; and, a student of the Greek state, he knew how much of Greece was transported direct to the very soil of France. Greek language, Greek arts, the Greek atmosphere, Greek civilization flourished more in the southern and eastern half of France than anywhere else along the Mediterranean. So that it was not merely Roman civilization that was established in Gaul, but ancient Greece as well.

This fact of the early influence of Greek ideas in France has never received the attention it deserves. The reason is simple. Literary men alone, like the learned savant C. C. Fauriel, who were concerned with the sources of Provençal poetry, have discovered how deep-rooted a hold Greek customs have had in France. The ordinary historian, surveying

[8] p. iii, ed. of 1888. [9] *Essai sur l'histoire de France,* p. v, 1847. [10] loc cit.

the periods of German barbarism, seeing the decline of learning, the disappearance of Greek schools and the Greek language, and finding no pronounced Greek culture in France until its re-introduction during the Renaissance, naturally concluded that the early Greek efflorescence succumbed entirely to German barbarism. Sismondi, Guizot, Martin, and their followers, one and all mention Greek influence, but without attaching to it a more than passing interest, as of a forgotten relic.

But this influx of Greek culture has a very special significance. In the "Notes and Comments" for April, 1913, readers of the QUARTERLY will recall these words, that "on the authority of an ancient tradition" the Master Christ, looking forward to his coming incarnation, "had at first planned to come to birth in Greece, and that the Egyptian Lodge had for centuries been preparing the way for his Greek birth, while a second field was being prepared in Palestine, through the work of the Hebrew Prophets and mystics. Owing, it was said, to the degeneration and corruption of Greece, the Avatar's incarnation there became impossible or inadvisable, and the Jewish field was chosen instead, in spite of the many and critical dangers which were seen to beset it."

Does this not explain the Greek mysteries? Is this not reason for the beauty and immortal glory of Greek art? The special outpouring of the Lodge, of the Masters, gave Greece unique reflections of the divine attributes. But since Greece failed, her mysteries were lost, her art was turned downward and outward, and eventually both became reflections on the surface,—her mysteries disgusting orgies, her art a beautiful shell, no longer embodying the divine life within. Nevertheless there was behind them the divine impetus; there was stamped on them the divine seal of that which was their true creator and source. They had, mixed in with mortal clay, some of the bread of life, come down from heaven.

When the hour of the Incarnation was drawing nigh, the Lodge must have seen the inevitable failure of even the "second field," Palestine. The Master, it may be supposed, already foresaw what France might be, and he prepared the soil of France, he enriched the soul of France, with what he could transfer of all that had been poured out on Greece, so that the whole effort expended on the earlier civilization should not be lost. However this may be, Greek civilization was transported to the soil of France, and flourished there, not merely at the time of the Renaissance, but for a thousand years in Celtic days.

Sainte-Palaye, Raynouard, Fauriel, even Schlegel and Diez of the German school, and their literary followers, or Charles Lenthéric [11] on the geographical and monumental side, combine a mass of testimony to prove how deep-seated this Greek infusion was. Fauriel writes, "it is *impossible* to give an adequate and just conception of the civilization (whether general or literary) of the south of France during the Middle Age,

[11] *La Grèce et L'Orient en Provence*, 1878.

without first considering in what manner and to what extent it is linked to the civilization which preceded it."[12] The whole of Celtic Liguria, of Provençe, of the country of the Celtic Helvii (now the department of Ardèche), and that of ancient Volcæ Arecomici, across the Rhone from the Provincia—which included the famous cities of Arles, Nimes, Avignon, and Béziers, comprising five degrees of latitude and twenty-five cities,—all saw the establishment of Massilian (Marseilles) Greeks. "The Celtic name of Arles was changed to Thelini, by which the Massilians intended to indicate the fertility of its territory; and the use of the Greek language became so general in that city, that it continued to be spoken there until the town fell into the hands of the Barbarians. Nimes became likewise almost a Greek city. From inscriptions, which were found among its ruins, we learn that it had a Greek theatre under the Romans, and that it made use of Greek on monuments erected in honour of the emperors." [13] The early Phocean settlers, so named from Phocis in Ionia from whence they came, "preserved the genius, the manners, the laws and arts of their native land in all their purity." [14]

Turning for corroboration to the sources, Livy puts into the mouth of a Rhodian deputy, pleading before the Roman Senate for the same liberty and protection for the Asiatic Greek cities, as that afforded those of Greece or France, that "the cities standing on the original soil, are not more Grecian than their colonies . . . nor has change of country changed either their race or manners. . . . The Massilians [or inhabitants of Marseilles, i. e. the province, not merely the city] who, if the inherent endowments of nature could be overcome by the genus of the soil, would ere this have been rendered savage by the many barbarous tribes surrounding them, are deservedly held in as high honour and esteem by you as if they were inhabitants of the very centre of Greece. For they have preserved, not only the sound of the language, the mode of dress, and the usages; but, above all, the manners, the laws, and a mind, pure and untainted by contagion from their neighbours." [15]

Out of a score of passages in Cicero, one will suffice. In his defence of Flaccus, he says: "Nor do I pass over you, O Marseilles, you who have known Lucius Flaccus as soldier and as quæstor,—a city, the strict discipline and wisdom of which I do not know whether I might say was superior, not only to that of Greece, but to that of any nation whatever; a city which, though so far separated from the districts of all the Greeks, and from their fashions and language, and though placed in the extremity of the world and surrounded by tribes of Gauls, and washed with the waves of barbarism, is so regulated and governed by the counsels of its chief men, that there is no nation that does not find it easier to praise its institutions than to imitate them." [16]

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[12] *History of Provençal Poetry*, trans. from the French by G. J. Adler, New York, 1860. —p. 37. Italics ours.

[13] Op. cit., p. 41. [14] Op. cit., p. 42.

[15] *Historiarum Romanarum*, lib. xxxvii, cap. 54, 18-23. [16] Cicero *Pro Flacco*, cap. 26.

This Greek infusion leavened the whole of Gaul. The Druids, centre of Celtic culture, "use the Greek letters in their public and private transactions, and in almost all other matters," says Cæsar [17]; and Justin writes: "From them [the Greeks] therefore, the Gauls learnt both the use of a more polite way of life, their barbarity being laid aside and corrected, and the tillage of lands, and the enclosure of cities within walls. Then they became accustomed to live by laws, not arms; to cultivate the vine and plant olives: and so great a lustre was shed on men and things, that it did not seem as if Greece had been transplanted into Gaul, but that Gaul seemed transplanted into Greece." [18]

The Massilian navigators were famous, penetrating as far north as Norway, and traversing Gaul in every direction. "They had opened a road along the Rhone and the Loire, as far as the coast of Armorica [Brittany]. It was there where they obtained their tin and other productions from Great Britain, which they transported by the same way to the shores of the Mediterranean. They had also communication with the northeast of Gaul, and, to all appearances, with Germany. But it was especially with the tribes of their immediate vicinity, and with those of the valley of the Rhone, that they kept up habitual commercial relations. The direct effect of these relations on the culture and social conditions of these tribes is not of a nature to be appreciated or measured." [19] Strabo relates at some length that an oracle commanded them, when they were leaving Greece (c. 600 B. C.), "to take from Diana of Ephesus a conductor for their voyage." Aristarcha, priestess, was commanded by the oracle to accompany them, and "to take with her a plan of the temples and statues,"—a suggestive phrase, coming from the mouthpiece of the Greek mysteries 600 B. C. The Masillians built on their citadel rock "an Ephesium and the temple of the Delphian Apollo." [20] They founded cities in Iberia (Spain) "as a rampart against the Iberians, in which they introduced the worship of Diana of Ephesus, as practised in their fatherland, with the Grecian mode of sacrifice." Finally, of the city of Marseilles itself: "Thus this city for some time back has become a school for the barbarians, and has communicated such a taste for Greek literature, that they even write their contracts in Greek." [21]

The average historian, who has not made a special study of the subject, announces that the German invasions stamped out all this Greek culture. Despite the fact that Greek was still the language of Arles, Nice, Marseilles, Antipolis, and other cities of Phocean origin well on in the third century, so few direct traces of it remained by the tenth century, that the average historian is justified. But the ordinary historian does not consider the heritage which the soul reaps. The soul garners

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[17] *Commentaries*, Book vi, cap. 14. They had no other writing. Cf. in addition, Book I, cap. 29, "In the camp of the Helvetii (Swiss) were found, and brought to Cæsar, records written out in Greek letters," etc. Strabo says of the Swiss: "Some have thought that their brazen shields prove these people to be of Grecian origin." (*Geographicon*, Book iv, cap. 6, sec. 2).

[18] *Hist. Philipp*, lib. xliii, cap. 4. [19] Fauriel, Op. cit., p. 46.

[20] Strabo, *Geographicon*, Biba D, Keph. A, sec. 4. [21] Sec. 5.

imperishable experience, and the store-house of the spirit treasures immortal possessions. Nearly a thousand years of Greek culture in France *could not* be "lost." The intuition of French historians has divined this fact, which they can only express, however, in general terms, because strictly speaking they feel that it lies outside their province. But one may, even so, find such remarkable passages as the following, quoted at length from the preface to Henri Martin's seventeen volume *Histoire De France,* doubly extraordinary because Martin was "a free-thinking republican":

> "Descendants of the Gauls by birth and by character; descendants of the Romans by education; their life intensified by the medley of barbarian Germans just when the vitality of the ancient civilization was diminishing, united with Iberia and Greece by old alliances, we can see to-day that it is not chance which has added to our Gallic blood, the blood of all the great races of antiquity; which has directed the slow formation of the French people on this Gallic soil, placed in the centre of Europe, sharing all climates, producing everything, in touch with all peoples. Such was to be the theatre prepared by Providence for a nation destined to be the keystone of the European arch (le lien du faisceau européen), and the initiator of modern civilization; for a nation which was to combine with the most marked originality, a unique ability to express in herself the qualities and distinctive traits scattered among other peoples, and to become the epitome of Europe; finally, [prepared] for the nation at once supremely intelligent and supremely active, which, since its beginning has represented in the world the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, with the same grandeur that Judea represented the principle of the unity of God; which saved the Occident from Islamism; which raised and humbled papal theocracy; brought to light again, within her bosom, from beneath the gross stratum deposited by the German invasion, the glorious remains of Greece and Rome; which has been successively the home of Catholicism and the cradle of philosophy; and which has crowned her heroic labours by planting the flag of liberty and equality on the débris of the feudal world, imposing thus upon herself a new mission, in which God grant that she know not how to fail."[22]

In the light of this conception, in the light of such manifest preparation, in the light of the self-conscious revelation of her saints and kings and poets;—when we remember that from the first, St. John, Lazarus and the Marys came to France; that "in the charitable and trusting heart of the young girl" St. Genevieve, "burned the first spark of patriotism, which later in a like manner fired the heroic soul, and was the inspiration of Jeanne d'Arc"[23]; when we remember that Clovis and "all the people" shouted, "We reject mortal gods, and we are ready to serve the God whose immortality Remi preaches"[24]; that Charlemagne's was a Christian Empire; that St. Louis was a Christian King; that chivalry was of the essence of Christianity, and that finally the Master

[22] pp. viii & ix, ed. of 1861.
[23] Charles Lenient, *La Poésie Patriotique En France Au Moyen Age,* 1891, p. 3.
[24] Greg. Tur. *Hist. Francor.* lib. II, cap. xxxi.

himself said to France through Margaret Mary, "Tell my eldest son . . . that my heart desires to be painted on the standards of France, so that she may be victorious over all her enemies and all the enemies of holy Church,"—when we consider these things do we not discover in those earlier words of Christ a new purpose—"the kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof"?

Joseph de Maistre wrote truly when he said, "We are attached to the throne of the supreme Being by a supple chain that restrains without enslaving us" [25]; and he added: "Each nation, like each individual, has received a mission which she must accomplish. France exercises a veritable magistracy over Europe, which it would be useless to contest." [26] "Though thou art very strong, yet that verily is a gift to thee of God" [27], writes Homer; and as the cycles progress, and France remains true to her mission, she is a living witness of the chain that links this world to heaven, and of the strength vouchsafed to her, that should bring forth fruit an hundredfold.

Light on the Path says that "man, when he reaches his fruition, and civilization is at its height, stands between two fires. Could he but claim his great inheritance, the incumbrance of the mere animal life would fall away from him without difficulty. But he does not do this, and so the races of men flower and then droop and die and decay off the face of the earth, however splendid the bloom may have been. And it is left to the individual to make this great effort; to refuse to be terrified by his greater nature, to refuse to be drawn back by his lesser or more material self. Every individual who accomplishes this is a redeemer of the race."

There have been many such flowerings in the path of France, all in very minor cycles, but foreshadowing the reckoning of a final day. France's opportunity is to become the redeemer of the nations, and it may well be that only by a complete sacrifice may this be done. Between the apex of the cycles there are of necessity long periods of incubation; and the antecedents of one epoch are usually found coincident with the efflorescence of the preceding. So the origins of Rome were in gestation when the flaming dawn of Hellenism burst forth into the premature, material glory of Marathon, Salamis, and Thermopylæ; and the Incarnation planted its leaven when Roman Imperialism was dominant over the whole world. In France, the first faint flowering after the reflected greatness of Greece and Rome, and the forgotten mysteries of the Druids, gave to the world St. Denis, St. Martin, St. Remi, Clovis, St. Genevieve, and the long line of fighting priests, true mystics, nursed in the spiritual schools of St. Benedict. At that time Rome fell; and, outside France, Gregory the Great and St. Benedict alone succeeded in planting a seed whose growth could span the desolation made by savage conquest. What Gregory and Benedict could not do in their own time,

[25] *Considérations sur La France—Oeuvres Complètes*, Vol. I, p. 1.
[26] p. 8. [27] *Iliad*, I, 178.

Hildebrand and Cluny accomplished in the next cycle, reaping what had been sown for them; but, from Sylvester II through the long period of papal degradation, a series of German popes, backed by the German Ottos, had wrought for temporal, material ends. So, with Leo IX and Gregory VII, instead of the spiritual fruit from the seed of St. Benedict, there came a great and brilliant efflorescence of all the intellectual, mental, and material powers of the papacy, reaching its apex in the next century with Innocent III, Gregory IX, and Boniface VIII. But they reached the climax of a sensuous perfection; each was "drawn back by his lesser and more material self," and failed to grasp his heritage. It was a French King who was the saint; it was to France that one must look for spiritual fruitfulness, inside as well as outside the Church.

In France, while official religion strayed from its true course, Charlemagne arose, and, taking the fluctuating and undecided barbarian world in his powerful hands, gave it form and organization, and by making Rome its central point, showed that it must rest of necessity upon the ancient civilization, purified and transformed by Christianity. Charlemagne died, and his work dissolved; but the potency of his achievement remained imbedded in the heart of France, his genius for order and kingship giving unity to the scattered aspirations of his people, and standing as a landmark to which future generations strove to attain.

When the last desperate stand of barbarism was finally broken by Hugh Capet (987), and feudal society appeared, the era of modern civilization began; and its point of departure was again pre-eminently France. It was French feudalism which settled England under William I, which entered Italy with Robert Guiscard, Spain with Burgundian Henry, and even the Holy Land with Godfrey of Bouillon. It was French knights who called into existence the military orders, chivalry, and aristocratic nobility; who conceived the ideals of courage, purity, devotion, and gallantry which are the highest fulfilment of the Christian life. It was a French monk, St. Bernard, who governed all Europe, and who gave the constitution to the Knights Templars. Finally, the Crusades, which were to bring the full tide of the ancient and oriental civilizations back to Europe, were the response of chivalrous France to the rescue of a menaced Christianity and of a desecrated Holy Land. "It is a very striking fact that the First Crusade was almost entirely French in conception and execution. The idea was that of a French Pope; it was first preached in France, and its most inspiring preacher was a French hermit; its leaders and its language were both French; so was the bulk of the rank and file—so much so that, to an Eastern, Europeans were for centuries known simply as 'Franks.' But above all, the spirit of the Crusade was French. Beginning in France, it ended in the establishment of a veritable miniature France in the East."[28]

[28] *A History of France*, J. R. Moreton Macdonald, vol. I, p. 104.

The Crusades represent a culminating period in France, a distinct cyclic node. It was French unity and French fidelity which made this possible; and the outward causal manifestations were her religious unity, her language, and her royal dynasty of Capetians. The heart of her religion lay in the ideal of a knightly priest, a consecrated warrior, together with the devotion and vigour of her monastic orders. Her religion produced at once a Roland and a Godfrey of Bouillon, a St. Louis and a St. Bernard, an Albertus Magnus and a St. Thomas. Her orders on the secular side produced the Chansons de Gestes and the Grail legends; and the flawless Gothic cathedrals,—Rheims, Chartres, Paris, Amiens, and Bourges. It is hard to realize to-day that all that was finest in that civilization came from religious centres. But in every sphere—chivalry, poetry, art, kings and statesmen, popes, sainted bishops and monks, models of knighthood, poets, architects, sculptors, and artisans—all were stamped and enriched by the religious devotion which was at once catholic and French. The Crusades, which gave an ideal as well as practical direction to all this energy, brought to full consciousness the sense of national being. The consequent self-confidence and self-respect improved industrial development, effected the growth of schools and universities; and France may be said to have had the abiding sense that she was fulfilling her destiny and working out the purposes of her existence.

No single external factor acted more to establish French unity than her royal line of kings. The Capetians are unique for having an unbroken lineal succession, from father to son, for thirteen generations from the original founder; a period extending over 341 years;—which is a fact unparalleled in any other dynasty recorded in authentic history. Hugh Capet was descended from Pepin d'Heristal and Clovis, so he transmitted the royal blood of France. Three of his descendants are described as saints—Robert II, Louis VII, and the great Louis IX. "The royal house of France was distinguished above all other sovereign houses of the Christian world, not only for the scrupulous uprightness of its heads . . . but more still, for the very real qualities of a majority of the princes of the fleur de lys, as the princes of the XIV and XV centuries were called, who were a collateral line of the Capetian dynasty."[29] It is not generally known, moreover, that the kings of France were also priests—"a royal priesthood." They were, by right of an ancient tradition, canons of St. Martin; they wore the priestly dalmatic under their royal mantle at their coronation—or rather consecration—and they communicated in both kinds, as only priests are permitted to do in the Roman Church. "These ceremonials of consecration (du sacre)

[29] *Origines de la Nationalité Française*, Auguste Longnon, p. 85.

received practically no modification in France from the XIII century until the Revolution."[30]

It was Philip Augustus (1180-1226) who began to reap the first harvests for France. His father left him a kingdom neither very large, nor very rich, nor very well defined; he had said truly that "Nos in Francia nihil habemus nisi panem et vinum et gaudium"[31];—but Philip caught his spirit, and the time was ripe. He not only made his family during the forty-six years of his reign the richest in Europe, adding Artois, Amiens, Valois, Clermont, Normandy, Maine, Anjou, and Tourraine directly to his crown; but he first seriously disputed with German kings the possession of Flanders and Alsace-Lorraine. In this he, and his successors, were frequently aided by the deliberate reversion of the local populace to the French dynasty, to whom alone unity of sentiment and loyalty could be given. France was an entity, had a spirit, stood for a principle, revealed a richness of creative genius and an authoritative culture which far surpassed anything that contact with Germany could give. When France was finally able once more to reach out after her outlying provinces, she revived in them the same age-old traditions of a past union under Celt and Greek and Roman that she herself had re-awakened in her own consciousness. That former union was a thing of the spirit. To it the heart of Alsace-Lorraine responded; and we see one of the bitterest and most prolonged of conflicts waged between the might of German princes and the crown of France for the rescue of this portion of the French domain.

The success of France in these wars, and the sentiments of Alsace-Lorrainers towards France, will be considered in the concluding section.

A. G.

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[30] *La Grande Encyclopédie.* Sacre, vol. 19, p. 33. Quicherat says, *Histoire du Costume En France,* p. 112, that Charles the Bald wore the dalmatic at his consecration (sacre) in 875, "dans le tenue de l'empereur de Constantinople." Cf. pp. 161 and 229—"Christine de Pisan l'a caractérisée par la double épithète, de royale et pontificale"—and 324. In a XII century document—*L'ordonnance à enoindre et à couronner le roy,* the statement is clearly made, in certainly one of its earliest forms, that "le roy et la royne doivent descendre de leurs eschaffaus et venir humblement à l'autel et prendre de la main à l'arcevesque *le corps et le sang* notre Seigneur." Cf. *Collection de Documents Inédits sur l'Histoire de France,* 1st Series, *Archives Administratives De La Ville De Reims,* by Varin;—tome I, (1[2]) p. 530. Cf. also Dom G. Marlot, *Histoire de la Ville, Cité, et Université de Reims,* tome III, p. 790, and N. R. Camus-Daras, *Essai Historiques Sur La Ville de Rheims,* 1823, pp. 418 & 423.

[31] "We in France have nothing but bread, wine, and joy."

(To be concluded)

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

"THERE are two kinds of reality," said the Sage. "There is the reality of the physical world and there is the reality of the spiritual world. Between them, there is the psychic world, the world of fancy, of glamour, of illusion. Yet there are not two realities, but one reality."

"It sounds like the Athanasian Creed," remarked the Youth, with a grin.

The Sage laughed. We had been discussing the League of Nations. The Sage had described it as a "psychic counterfeit." Now he was explaining.

"The physical world, when uncontaminated by man, although it has not yet evolved to the point of expressing perfectly the spiritual fact to which it approximates, is none the less an approximation and not a perversion. A flower, for instance, may express with extraordinary fidelity in the substance of this plane, that real flower which is itself in the spiritual world, and which, in the spiritual world, is an entity, manifesting some fraction of the divine life."

"One moment," interrupted the Student. "Do you mean that the flower on this plane does not manifest some fraction of the divine life?"

"I do not," replied the Sage. "Quite the contrary. I mean that the physical flower does manifest the divine life in the substance of the physical plane. A child is a reality. Yet a child is not a man. Potential manhood is latent within the child, and some day, should the child live, full manhood may manifest through him. To imagine that the child is a man; to expect of the child that which you have a right to expect of a man—in conduct and understanding and sense of responsibility—would obviously be a failure to recognize fact as fact, and, if done sincerely, would be due to psychic illusion."

"Most students of eastern philosophies make a serious mistake at that very point," commented the Orientalist. "Told to discriminate between the real and the unreal, they imagine the material world is included in the unreal, and then try to rid themselves of belief in its reality. No one has more respect for a fact than the true oriental philosopher, though the Orient is full of those who try to persuade themselves that everything on this side of Brahman is an illusion. But please continue," he added apologetically, turning to the Sage.

"My point is," replied the Sage, "that the physical world is real, although undeveloped. The spiritual world is real, and is fully developed,—except in so far as it is in process of obtaining full expression in and through the substance of the physical world. It is the psychic world which is wholly illusory, and which projects over the facts of the physical world a distortion of something real in the spiritual

world. Every so-called temptation of any kind is a psychic glamour and no more. We are never 'tempted' by a fact. It is the imagination that something is a fact, which in truth is not a fact, which 'tempts' us. This imagination is the product of a distorted reflection from the spiritual world, projected on and, as it were, plastered over a fact of the physical world."

"Are you using imagination as synonymous with fancy?" asked the Student.

"I am afraid I am, and, strictly speaking, I have no business to do so. The imagination, the 'image-making faculty,' which, as you will remember, is spoken of as Kriyashakti in the *Secret Doctrine,* is one of the greatest powers we possess. It is so rarely used, however; there are so few who deliberately visualize their ideal, and who then use the power of Kundalini to give that visualization concrete expression in this world,—that the term 'imagination' has come to be employed, though wrongly, as practically synonymous with its psychic counterfeit, that is to say, with fancy."

"I want to go back," said the Youth, "to a place where I interrupted. What do you mean, please, when you say that there are not two realities but one reality?"

"I mean," replied the Sage, "that spiritual life and physical life are one,—one as life and one as world; that the psychic world—in essence delusion—divides them; and that the division is therefore an illusion also. When a man has risen above the psychic world, has torn its veils aside, he beholds finally and forever the one reality. More than that, perhaps, he is aware of it in himself.

"Because a man does not identify himself with his coat, we are not justified in presuming that he denies the existence of the coat, or the usefulness of the coat, or his need of it. So of the body; and of all that belongs to the *substance* of material life. When a man sees this not merely theoretically, but in actual sustained consciousness, he is freed from the illusions of the psychic world. It has been said of these that they shall never taste of death. How can that die which at all points and at all times knows itself to be alive?"

"I wish you would give a practical instance of the process you were describing," said the Student.

"Well," replied the Sage, "there is always the League of Nations. In that case you have on the one hand a spiritual fact,—the identity of all souls with the Oversoul. You have the Lodge, and the hierarchy of those who belong to it. You have, on the other hand, the world as at present constituted, made up of people whose natures and whose duties are totally different from those who are in the Lodge. Between these two worlds (though I must repeat that in fact there are not two worlds but one world) you have the psychic world, or the world of the average man's mind. He catches a glimpse of the spiritual reality,

as reflected and distorted on the surface of his psychic nature. That same psychic nature projects this distortion over the facts of the physical world. Making no allowances for difference of nature and of duty; failing to realize that what is suitable for a grown man is often most unsuitable for an infant,—the psychic nature jumps to the conclusion that that which it has recognized as an ideal must immediately be applicable in all directions, regardless of circumstances, and of course regardless of facts. It is exactly the same process as that which takes place in the case of some very young man, who sees an actress on the stage, and whose psychic nature envelops her with all the charms and virtues which he has sensed as existing in the ideal woman of his dreams."

"What do you mean when you say that the duties of people in the physical world are not the same as the duties of those in the Lodge?"

"This: the government of a nation is in the position of a trustee. The government does not own the nation. The wealth and the lives of the governed are not the property of the Executive. If I am appointed trustee of a large estate, the property of a friend who has intrusted me with his possessions so that I may conserve and use them for the benefit of his children, surely I would not be justified in adopting the attitude that now, at last, I have my chance to contribute large sums of money, out of my friend's estate, for the relief, let us say, of the Jews in Palestine or of the poor of New York City. I am a trustee; and my sole duty is to protect the interests of the children of my friend. Is it not evident that the Executive of a nation is in exactly the same position? England and France, at the present time, are being called "grasping" by irresponsible writers in this country. It is alleged, for instance, that England has obtained commercial advantages as the result of her government of India. It is intimated that if the British Government had been actuated by proper motives, care would have been taken that no advantage whatsoever would have resulted from the government of India. But the fact is that it would be absolutely unjustifiable for the British Government to govern India at the expense of the British people. To govern justly, and in such a way that the people governed are truly benefited, is of course essential. But to confuse a trusteeship with a charitable institution, and to attempt to impose any such standard of conduct on the governments of the world, results in hopeless confusion and in positive wrong-doing. For instance, at the present time, British troops are being withdrawn from Armenia. The dreamers of the United States Government have insisted so emphatically that no nation may derive commercial or other practical benefits from the occupation of foreign territory, that they have made it impossible for the Government of Great Britain to justify the expenditure of money or the sacrifice of life which would be involved in maintaining an army in Armenia. Fifty years ago, that army would have been left there; would have saved the

Armenians from massacre by the Turks; would have established a just government and would have reimbursed the estate of which it was agent by using the great oil wells of Baku for the benefit of the British nation and people. In other words, fifty years ago, the British Government would have justified the occupation of Armenia as a sound commercial investment,—and on no other conceivable basis could there be warrant for the expenditure of life and treasure out of trust funds.

"The dreamers of the American Government, whose psychic natures have perverted their time sense, and who see things as possible to-day which will not be possible until humanity as a whole desires to emulate the spirit and methods of the Lodge, have claimed credit for confusing their function with that of a charitable institution. They seem to think that it is their duty to spend the life and treasure of the American people in any part of the world and at any time, as their own "consciences" may dictate. They probably took part in the Great War on just that basis. If so, they were wrong. An individual, as such, has a perfect right to give his life or his wealth for any purpose which he regards as worthy of such a sacrifice. Hundreds of thousands of Americans took part in the war, in that spirit and with that ideal in mind. But the Government of the nation had no business to participate unless convinced that it was necessary in order to preserve the life of the nation or in any case its best interests: because a government is a trustee.

"Now the Lodge, on the other hand, *is* a charitable institution. It works for all men equally. This does not mean that it gives to all men equally, any more than it receives from all men equally. None the less, it exists for the benefit of humanity as a whole, while the government of a nation is supposed to exist for the benefit of the nation governed. If the father of a family becomes so 'international' in spirit as to consider that all the other children on his street are just as much his concern and responsibility as his own children, he is quite obviously taking to himself a function which is not his. If he should attempt to perform it, the probability is that his neighbours will not thank him for his 'ideals'!"

"But if the Lodge can work for all men equally, and the Lodge is the ideal, why should not the nations model themselves on that ideal? Why would not the League of Nations be a step toward such an ideal?" The Youth put the question.

"When the children are grown up, they can and must take upon them the responsibilities of men," responded the Sage. "When the nations see as the Lodge sees, when the psychic veils are rent; when the psychic faculties are atrophied, and the spiritual faculties in perfect function, then, as in the Lodge, we shall have one Empire composed of many Kingdoms, all as fixed in their obedience as the stars in heaven,—the perfect order of a perfect discipline and a completed understanding.

Then shall we have again the rule of Adept-Kings, but in an age more golden than any the world has known; and the humblest peasant ploughing in his field shall be a disciple, following the guidance of his Master as he plows."

There was a silence after this was said. Something of the splendour of the promise stirred the group of friends, and brought a whiff of higher air.

Then the Historian spoke: "It seems to me that you have suggested the explanation of Bolshevism. Assuming that there are some sincere people among the Bolsheviki, their illusions must be due to psychic glamour. They have projected over the facts of life an image of their own imagination or fancy, and they are behaving in consequence as men always do behave in those circumstances. Even the French Revolution was the result of a psychic perversion of Universal Brotherhood."

"Do not forget, either, that lack of restraint is of the very essence of the psychic nature." This was said by the Philosopher, who had been listening attentively, and who, I knew, had been awaiting his chance to contribute. "The green young man whom the Sage used as an awful example, notoriously goes off his head if he permits his psychic imagination to run away with him. He throws overboard his self-restraint; loses all sense of proportion, and is prepared to sell his birth-right, both temporary and eternal, for the mess of pottage which he fancies is the nectar of the gods. Whether it be explained as a reaction from the high tension of the war, or as a reaction from the failure to fight the war to a finish, we all know that at the present time the spirit of Bolshevism is present everywhere. A man is a fool who does not recognize it in himself, and who is not doubly suspicious of his own fancies and desires and moods. License always begins in the imagination. If it be not checked there, it will inevitably result in action.

"Self-indulgence is undoubtedly the path by which psychic glamour approaches us. Even the green youth could not be carried away by his fancy unless previous small self-indulgences had thrown open the door of his nature to the inrush of those psychic waters. Naturally, also, further self-indulgence strengthens the grip of glamour over him, so that he easily persuades himself that his sin and folly are justifiable and perhaps heroic. His will being set wrongly, drags out of the psychic world a reason, a persuasion, to justify itself."

"Speaking of calf-intoxication," said the Historian, "suggests that all matters of sex are being discussed and treated on Bolshevist principles by people who have no least idea of what they are doing, as well as by those who know perfectly. Eugenics is only another name for the nationalization of sex. Birth control is only another name for legitimized license. The first means the degradation of slavery; the second means degradation by indulgence,—the abandonment of self-restraint and the escape, by prostituted Science, from consequences."

"What do you think of the modern fad for 'sex instruction'?" asked the Student.

"Detestable," the Philosopher replied. "The excuse for it is that children are certain to sin in any case, so it is the duty of parents and of the State to teach them how to do so with the least damage to their physical health. You might as well argue that as every child is going to steal as soon as he has the chance, it is the duty of his parents to teach him how to do so without getting into trouble with the police."

"But," commented the Student, "there are those who urge that young girls especially should be told a great deal, so that they may be in a position to protect themselves,—so that they may not be ignorant of certain dangers."

"I know," the Philosopher answered. "Yet that again is a theory based upon desire for self-indulgence: the self-indulgence of parents who are too lazy or too pleasure-loving to be willing to look after their daughters; the self-indulgence of daughters, who resent restraint and who make life at home intolerable unless they are allowed to do as they choose."

"I have seen parents well snubbed by their children," commented the Orientalist, "for having dared to ask them where they had been and what they had done! And the question had been asked, not from a sense of responsibility, but with mild and rather timid interest. To blame the children would be ridiculous. The parents, though eminently respectable people in the eyes of the world, in the eyes of the gods were criminals."

"Bolshevism, after all, is only a term," remarked the Sage at this point. "It has come into general use because never in the history of the world, so far as we know it, have the spirit of anarchy, the spirit of rebellion, the spirit of class hatred and the spirit of unbridled greed and lust and envy, found such free expression as through the Bolsheviki in Russia. But the same spirit is found in many quarters where the Bolsheviki are denounced. It is found, as you have been saying, in nearly all matters pertaining to sex,—rebellion against restraint and against self-restraint, being two of the forms it is taking. But in the world of industry (to use an absurd misnomer), and in trade unions which officially denounce Bolshevism, the spirit of the thing is paramount. Trade unionism is rapidly becoming organized pillage. During the war the trade unions of England and America, while professing to co-operate with their respective Governments, actually 'held them up,' and, by a system of blackmail, formed themselves into a 'government within the government.' This was done, not for the benefit of the poorer classes—for it is the poor, ultimately, who suffer most by the increased cost of production; and not even for the benefit of the different trades, but solely for the benefit of the unions and of their relatively small membership."

"Did you notice, by the way," asked the Historian, "that Dean Inge, at a recent meeting of the People's League in London, is reported to have said that he was not hostile to trade unions, but that they had

become 'huge capitalistic concerns which were engaged in financing raids upon the people'? He went on to say that 'with them it is not a struggle between rich and poor; it is open brigandage against the community. They are a new privileged class, determined that those privileges shall not go outside themselves. They are shutting down employment, not only against discharged soldiers, but wounded men.'"

"I am glad he said it," responded the Sage. "The Church has been characteristically sentimental and weak in its attitude toward labour —full of fancies and notions, and hopelessly devoid of insight. If Inge is waking up, he may wake up others. I know a clergyman in this country who is famous for his supposed sympathy for the poor, but who never enters a working man's house if he can avoid it, because he declares that it makes him ill: he cannot stand the sight of poverty; it lacerates his feelings. The explanation is that his idol is his own comfort. He loves luxury, and beautiful and costly surroundings. He has the most intense horror of poverty for himself. He sees it in terms of horror. A curious interpretation, if it be one, of Christ's attitude toward it!"

"What will be the outcome of it all?" asked the Youth, rather dejectedly. "I am beginning to wish that I were old instead of young, because if heaven amount to anything at all, it must be preferable to the everlasting mix-up on earth."

We were distinctly amused. The Youth saw himself dealing single-handed with all these problems, the rest of us comfortably watching him from heaven. Incidentally it was a compliment,—although, for that matter, he had expressed equal confidence about his own destination.

But the Sage took him seriously. "What will be the outcome?" he repeated. "Why, the world will become so tired of 'the intolerable burden of its own will' (you remember that phrase of St. Bernard's?), that it will appeal at last to whatever gods there be to come down and govern it. Yes—it will appeal long and often, in sore distress and with bitter wailing. And though the high gods will not come, they will send; and later they will come, and then, as I said before, we shall have the rule of the Adept-Kings, and peace. But now, with most men worshipping nothing but their own wills, and incapable of seeing that the cause of all their misery lies in that,—they must have time and more time in which to pile up the agony of their discontent, until discontent with circumstances becomes discontent with self, and discontent with self is cast, as our one possession, at the feet of God."

There was a movement to adjourn. "Before we break up," said the Ancient, "I should like to say something which has special application to students of Theosophy in Germany, but which should throw some light also, I think, on the opportunity and responsibility of members of the Society everywhere. . . . A French newspaper correspondent, after visiting Berlin, reports that an unusually enlightened German, an artist, remarked to him: 'We still live enchained by the falsities of the past. We are incapable of judging this past or of conceiving of a future different from it. We must put ourselves in the school of life's realities.'

"There, clearly set forth, is a function which students of Theosophy in Germany ought to be able to perform. They ought to be able to see and to understand thoroughly the mistakes their people have made; the cause of those mistakes; the deeply-seated wickedness which is that cause, and, seeing these things from the very beginning of the war, they ought to-day to be leading their nation in insight and in right revolt against the German past. Looking back over fifty years, they should be able to see the development of all those tendencies in their people which culminated in the immoral savagery with which Germany let loose and conducted her war for world dominion. They have no excuse for ignorance. The QUARTERLY has told them all they need to know,—though they should have known it even without the help of the QUARTERLY, just from an understanding of theosophical principles. It is the opportunity of their lives. More important than that, it is the supreme opportunity, through them, of Theosophy in Germany. If, even to-day, they are unable to see the truth, and their duty; if, for instance, the German artist I have quoted sees more clearly than they do,—must it not follow that they have never understood the elements of Theosophy and, for that reason, have never, in the real sense, been members of the Society? What a chance they have! What endless good they might do! A brave declaration of principles; a fearless insistence that sin must be expiated, that obedience to divine law is the only salvation for nations as for individuals,—would make of them the leaven which might rouse the deadened conscience of thousands of their people."

"But suppose they do not understand?" the Objector questioned.

The Youth answered. "There are many things which I do not understand," he said. "But I have learned that faith will sometimes see one through when understanding fails. Students of Theosophy in Germany, whether members or not, can never say that they lacked leadership when their test came. They might have had faith enough in certain writers for the QUARTERLY, whom they knew as old and tried members and as pupils of Mr. Judge, to have lifted them over the pitfall of racial prejudice and to have given them all the light they needed. If they fail, it will be due quite as much to lack of faith as to lack of understanding. And it need not have been blind faith either. A young and inexperienced doctor does not feel humiliated but thankful when, bewildered by symptoms, the root condition is pointed out to him by some old consultant."

"You are right," said the Sage. "But you presuppose a one-pointed desire for the truth, regardless of consequences to self, and regardless also of pride, prejudice, and preconception."

"I know I do," the Youth answered. "But allowing for the initial impulse of such lower motives, surely, once we recognise our mistakes, it is altogether contemptible to be unwilling to admit them."

"It is," said the Sage. And thereupon the meeting adjourned.

T.

LETTERS TO STUDENTS

September 17th, 1910

DEAR ———

Please let me begin with what I fear is my usual apology for writing to you on the type-writer and for the delay in replying. It is the truth, however, that I have been exceptionally busy all this summer, so much so that I have been unable to get away at all and I do not know when the pressure will let up.

I should like to begin by commenting on a purely incidental point in your letter. You speak of the appalling amount of misery which one sees around one. Yes, there is an appalling amount of misery in the world, but we can err in our attitude toward it if we are not careful. We should never forget that it is put there deliberately by the great and loving powers of the universe for the good which it does. We should look upon it as we do upon the pain which a surgeon inflicts when performing a necessary operation. It is deplorable, it wrings our hearts, but we would not have it otherwise, and above all, we must not let our sympathy for the patient in any way whatever prevent his getting the good of the operation. We have a righteous contempt for the person who is so sentimental that he cannot stand the sight of suffering and can be of no use in a sick room. So we must not let this idea of the suffering in the world shake our calm; disturb our ability to do what we can to correct it.

The old saying that whom the gods love dies young, can be paraphrased in occultism by whom the gods help most, suffers most. We ought not to wish it otherwise if we could. And the fact that much of this suffering seems to us useless because of the ignorance of the sufferers, arises from our ignorance, from our limited point of view.

It is appalling to think how little we can do to help all this, and that, I think, is the reason why we ourselves should try so hard to grow to a point where our force and knowledge and power will be a great influence for good. Therefore let this idea of the suffering in the world be a constant stimulus to us; let it fill our hearts so full of a burning desire to help that it will burst the trammels of our natures and remove the restrictions which are now limiting our powers of usefulness. Unless we do use the feelings which the contemplation of suffering gives rise to in some such way as this, I think we waste much power in a meaningless and sentimental sympathy.

I should like to take immediate exception to your statement that you cannot in this life or in many lives hope to become a chela, still less an adept. Please pardon me if I flatly contradict you. You can become a chela in this life, and you should try to do so. You, for all I know, may be able to become an adept in this life also. Both things are possible and no one who is not familiar with the accumulated Karma of your past can possibly tell whether you can do these things or not. For all you know you may have almost reached chelahood in the past;

there may be only one small obstacle keeping you back from a complete realization of your hopes, and that obstacle may melt away and be eliminated by the next effort of will which you are called upon to make. It is more likely that you have much still to overcome, many powers to acquire; but there is no reason to suppose that you cannot overcome these faults, cannot acquire these powers in this life. On the contrary, you should always assume that you can and that you will. You should act from moment to moment as if the very next moment would see you standing in the presence of the Master, to receive his congratulations upon the successful accomplishment of your age-long task. You cannot tell, and it would not be well for you to know. It may come in this next minute, in a week, a year, ten years, ten lives; but what difference does it make. Always assume that it is going to be very soon, and live in that thought and from that point of view. Otherwise you will never be ready. Remember that the way to become a chela is to act as if you already were one.

You answer your own question about killing the lunar body. It *is* the body of desire which we build up gradually by our low desires. We must not only stop having these desires, which is what is meant by cleaning the mind and heart, but we must actually destroy the body which our old desires have created. Fortunately for us, this killing of the desire body is done automatically. It goes on as we transmute the substance of the lunar body, and that is done by living the life faithfully and consciously as we all know very well how to do.

With kindest regards, I am,

Very sincerely yours,
C. A. Griscom.

November 26th, 1910

Dear ———

I was much interested in your letter of the 11th. As usual, you suggest the answers to your own questions, which is as it should be, for we never really acquire knowledge from another. We must work it all out for ourselves. Another may confirm a belief, or may suggest a side issue which was overlooked by the querent; but we are all incapable of understanding anything until we are that thing in our own lives.

Just one word about meditation. Do not forget that the personality cannot meditate. It is only the soul. We should keep this idea in the mind, or in the consciousness, when we try to meditate; we should deliberately try to do it with the highest part of us which we can reach up to. If we do not try some such method, we shall pass the time of meditation in more or less badly controlled mental activity. It is of course the mind which interferes with us in meditation. "The mind is the slayer of the real." The disciple must learn to "slay the slayer." And the way to do this is, as a rule, not to face it and try to dominate it, but to slide past and ignore it.

With reference to your question about Karma. It is instant in the

sense that the minute we commit some fault or break some law, the readjusting force begins to act. If we eat imprudently, we instantly engage the forces needed to digest the difficult food. We may have enough of such force to digest that food that time, and many other times, but we have used up that force nevertheless, and the time will come when it is all used up and we begin to suffer from indigestion. It would be quite incorrect in one sense to say that Karma only began to act in this matter when we began to suffer, and yet that is the usual way of referring to it. It is obviously at every instant that we violate the laws of the universe, that the opposing force begins to act; but it depends upon countless circumstances when that opposing force will work out in some observable way. It may be in a few minutes, or not for many lives; but in either case it began on the instant and worked ceaselessly until the cause was exhausted. Often it will never work out on the physical plane, but will be neutralized by some opposing force on the inner planes, just as, in the homely illustration I have used, it will be possible, by exercise and outdoor work, to neutralize the harm of improper eating. But we had to work off the harm just the same. My illustration is faulty, as are most illustrations, because we have left out the moral question involved; but the same law works there.

I must stop now and go out, so please pardon an abrupt ending of my letter.

With kindest regards, I am, Sincerely,

C. A. Griscom.

May 28th, 1911

Dear ———

* * * * * * * *

I wonder whether you have realized while reading this, that the train of thought which prompted it all is the conviction that this is not the first time we have been associated together, have worked together in the only kind of work that makes life worth living? For it is so, I am sure.

I do not mean in what I have said above, to limit your connection with the present work to me in any way. I have no doubt that you are quite as closely connected with several of the others as you are with me, and I am by no means certain that such connection may not be even more intimate with some of the others; but the fact that we have worked directly has tended to bring that side of it out first.

All of which is useful only if it has something in it of inspiration for the future, as I believe it has. I know of no stimulus equal to the knowledge of a long line of similar efforts, of no tie equal to that based upon relations which go back several incarnations, of no inspiration greater than the consciousness that what we are doing now is what we have been trying to do for five thousand years and is what we shall be doing for the next millennium. . . .

Sincerely,

C. A. Griscom.

November 7th, 1911

DEAR ———

* * * * * * * *

There are two general types of disciples: monks and knights (with of course their feminine counterparts). We have all had incarnations during which we developed the qualities essential to one or the other of these two types, and we have had many incarnations of each. Not all of the members of the T. S. of course. I am speaking of the "flowers of the flock." The work of self-development, when in either kind of incarnation, has of course been greatly hampered by lack of consciousness of what we really were, and were trying to do. This is particularly the case when we have incarnated for a knightly incarnation, for the calls of the world pull more heavily in such an environment. It is a sacrifice we have often made deliberately because the world needed that kind of work at that time.

This time we are not monks and nuns, but the trend of the incarnation, for all of us, is in the purely devotional direction, with the very important difference from ordinary times that we know what we are about. This is the great work which the survival of the Movement has made possible. For the first time in history it is possible to try to amalgamate the militant with the purely devotional ideal, and to create in the world a body of people more like the old military orders of monks, which were attempts to establish a real ideal. We must combine in our persons the devotion, self-sacrifice and self-surrender of the monk, with the fighting qualities, courage and hardihood of the knight, both to be tempered by gentleness, courtesy, and the dignity which comes from a consciousness that we are the servants and warriors of the Master. Is it not an inspiring and an appealing ideal?

The regeneration of the western world and the success of Christianity itself are wrapped up in our ability to make this ideal live in our hearts and become externalized in our actions and our lives. It is a trumpet call to battle which should appeal to the highest and the best which is in each one of us.

With kindest regards, I am

Very sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

P. S. This letter is written from the masculine point of view. A woman should not, of course, try to develop in herself the masculine qualities of knighthood. A queen of chivalry is more the ideal which would correspond to the knightly ideal: gentleness, courtesy and dignity of course; courage, yes, but also sweetness, femininity,—the power to inspire the knight, to give him his high ideal.

REVIEWS

Living Bayonets, by Coningsby Dawson, published by John Lane.—The books by this author have always been reviewed in the QUARTERLY, so that extensive notice of this one would entail too much of repetition. We can only comment again on the splendid spirit and vitality of the man as shown in his letters,—this book being, in the style of *Carry On,* letters sent his family from the front. Many of us have found no books, in English, written on the war as satisfactory as these. They express the high water mark of the Englishman's splendid sense of good sport, of honour, of responsibility; courage, cheerfulness, a high ideal of duty.

I was amazed one day to hear them characterized as "sentimental," and I wondered (though I really should have spared myself the pains) if the critic had the least conception of the way he illustrated a certain phase of American cheapness.

There is a deepening of tone in this book. One sees the maturing effect of war experience. The indulgence for the Hun has passed: he can no longer be considered as an "enemy," and therefore entitled to all the courtesies of war. He has proved himself a horror in the world, something to be exterminated. "After four years of gallant smiling," Lieutenant Dawson writes in well turned phrase, "our soldiers have attained a righteous anger—a determination to exact a just revenge. They no longer make lenient discriminations between Germany and her rulers. They know now that the breath of every individual German is tainted with the odour of carnage." It took England long to learn that lesson—it goes against the English grain:—pray heaven it may take her longer to forget it. America, save in isolated instances, has not learned it at all; the commercial instinct is too strong, the love of pleasure stronger still.

These are the closing lines of the book (if only they could be read by people in high places here, without deaf ears!): "If at the first whimpering our hearts are touched and we allow the evil to escape its punishment, it will sneak off with a cunning leer about its mouth to lick its wounds into health that it may take a future generation unawares. Mercy at this juncture would be spiritual slovenliness. God has given the Allies a task to accomplish; He has made us His avengers that, when our work is ended, He may create a new heaven and earth." In that light, how does the armistice appear, or the abortive "peace"? A new heaven and earth of God's creating, and in place of that we chose—Bolshevism! Barabbas for the Christ again. Only he who loses his life can save it. Some of the soldiers learned this lesson, the foundation of Christianity, of Occultism, of life; the politicians,—never!

There is another aspect of these books of great interest to all students of Theosophy, the religious aspect, and the way the subject of religion is approached. It is sincere, ever-present, reverent, almost devout. There is no doubt that the young man is a "believer"; that his faith sustained and strengthened him in what he had to endure. But, I was going to say, that is the amazing part of it—a faith so abstract, so nebulous! A Law, a Principle, "a divine, far off event,"—one wonders how terror and thirst and carnage and wounds were endured on metaphysics. Honour indeed to those who stood the test. But it is not strange that many did not, and wandered into the hands of the Catholic priests who gave them warmth and substance with which to meet the agony of their days. The Catholic has always brought this reproach against the Protestant, and rightly. The Catholic

is human in his faith, and in his recognition of human needs. The Protestant is too detached, too angelic; faith and daily living are too far separated. God, as an all pervading spirit, is too far away for simple homely needs, or for times of bitter pain; and, as a result, faith and practice are too often widely different. Yet those who can find sustenance in that rarefied atmosphere, do well. Theosophy, combining both, offers the solution. A marked contrast to this detached religious outlook is found in many of the French books on the war,—and Lieutenant Dawson does not understand the French, for all his admiration of them.

There is one thing that jars, and jars in all the Dawson books—their unreserve, the extent to which the general public is taken into the intimacies of private and domestic life. That is a serious flaw in taste; but otherwise one can find only praise and gratitude. G.

Patriotism and Religion, by Shailer Matthews, Dean of the Divinity School, Chicago, published by The Macmillan Company, $1.25; *Christian Internationalism,* by William P. Merrill, published by The Macmillan Company, $1.50.

Professor Matthews' book is the less provocative of the two. It is a sincere attempt to bring Patriotism and Religion together,—an achievement singularly difficult (and with reason) for the modern and "democratic" mind. He shares the wide-spread feeling that: "This passion of service, this readiness to sacrifice health and life for national ideals—what is it but a counterpart of religion?" (p. 5); he sees also that: "Patriotism and religion alike are the expression of a nation's inner life. If the morale of an army is a key to victory or defeat, the national soul is the explanation of national futures and international struggles" (p. 6).

But, "patriotism and religion are both the product of social history." . . . "Only where the spirit of democracy is working is there creative religious thinking. Only there is the union of patriotism and the religion of to-morrow. For in democracy alone can the immanence of God be expressed in the terms of human experience" (p. 32). These are indeed startling statements emanating from a divinity school.

The Reverend Mr. Merrill, a prominent Presbyterian, who went to the Peace Conference at Constance in 1914, exalts his concept of democracy in a kindred field, and maintains that this divine righteousness of democracy, as we might call it, is the only practical basis of right national relationships. "The man cannot be wholly Christian," he premises, "until the world in which he lives is subject to the rule of Christ" (p. 13). Epictetus, a "heathen," knew better than that! It naturally follows: "Now this matter of democracy is a sacred matter. We come nearer to the rule of God and the will of God through ascertaining the will of the people and trusting the rule of the people than in any other way" (p. 72). "Certainly we never hear *vox dei* more surely than when it speaks through *vox populi.* A real democracy would be the best expression we could get of the rule of God on earth. . . . Religion flourishes best when democracy is purest" (p. 73).

These statements, from two such well-known writers, actually form the intellectual basis for religion, for patriotism, and for international relationships, in the minds of perhaps the majority to-day. Mr. Merrill's book particularly, which is clearly, succinctly, and popularly written, expresses the thoughts one sees reflected in the daily papers, and interprets the average mind. Democracy, for the majority, has become a symbol for the millennium, just as the League of Nations is a poor, perverted vision of the Kingdom of Christ. These representative Christian writers are seeking a remedy for the evils in the world; and they turn to fallen human nature, grown self-conscious and with the added power of a more or less united voice—the ballot and the press—to redeem its own failures. They never suggest turning to the Master.

Mr. Merrill inverts the true principles of life in almost every conception of his book. It is not merely that he seeks the will of God in the ballot, and not

in the heart, where the Master said the kingdom was to be established, but he states that "the cause of the people is the cause of God, and leads directly on to the establishment of an international order" (p. 182). Mr. Merrill seems to mean that he feels he would be doing God's will if he carried out the mandates of the people. But his own conscience belies him when he criticises the Russian bolsheviki, because his conscience will not let him, apparently, accept their recent fratricidal self-determinism as the will of God. Nor does he believe that the manifest unity of the German people in wrongdoing was the will of God, because he condemns Germany's conduct of the War. His typical argument that God's voice is most surely heard in the will of the majority certainly fails, for sheer lack of numbers, to support his own thesis that what the world wants most to-day, what lies nearest to the hearts of the people of the whole world, is a League of Nations, founded on his Christian democracy. For one thing, the Turks and Germans seek to enter the League. Nor does he face the issue that on his own premises, God's will is limited to the intelligence, education and integrity of the average, which is not even a high standard from the ordinary point of view. There is the added difficulty, that as the desires of different majorities in different countries are diametrically opposed, therefore, apparently, God's will is pitted against itself—which Christ disproved. Christ did not say that we should go to the people for the will of God, but said that those who knew *him,* knew the Father.

Thinking founded on what seems to us to be a complete lack of logic, and based on what appear as inversions of true principle, cannot carry conviction even when certain conclusions are unequivocal. Thus, when Professor Matthews divides patriotism into two kinds—that of democracy and that of autocracy, or Allied and German respectively—and then deduces that the Allies should fight the Germans because "love has stern duties just because it is love; not to fulfil these duties is injustice to the victims of organized injustice" (p. 144),—the reader feels that he has been trapped, unless he happen to have a modern mind.

Both books deserve the attention of QUARTERLY readers if they wish to see what many to-day are thinking, and how they succeed in doing it.

MARION HALE.

Personal Christianity: A Science, being the doctrines of Jacob Boehme, the "God-taught philosopher," with an Introduction and Notes by Dr. Franz Hartmann, is republished by the Macoy Publishing Company, New York, with a Preface by B. Harding.

We notice that the writer of the Preface, a friend and associate of many years ago, is entered as owner of the copyright. The probability is, therefore, that he is responsible for this republication,—a valuable contribution to the literature of the theosophical movement, for which we owe him congratulations and thanks.

Boehme declared, in 1624, as Mr. Harding reminds us, that his writings, after being rejected by his fatherland, would "in future days joyfully be taken up by foreign nations." To say that his prophecy has already been fulfilled might seem to suggest that he is popular. And he is not. We doubt if he ever will be. He is difficult to read. But he was among the first to attempt a theosophic interpretation of Christian symbolism. There is much in his writing that is truly inspired. It is recorded of Charles I. of England that, after reading a translation of Boehme's "Answers to Forty Questions," he exclaimed: "God be praised that there are still men in existence who are able to give from their own experience a living testimony of God and His Word." Claude de Saint Martin had the highest opinion of him, writing to Kirchberger,—"I am not worthy to unloose the shoestrings of that wonderful man." Students of Theosophy, not already familiar with Boehme's writings, can appraise his spirit and method by this passage from his *Six Points:* "Our whole doctrine is nothing else but an instruction to show how man may create a Kingdom of light within himself. . . . He in whom this spring of divine power flows, carries within himself the divine image and the celestial substantiality. In him is Jesus born from the Virgin, and he will not die in eternity." E. T. H.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION No. 237.—*We hear much to-day of "Internationalism" and "Leagues of Peace" that, after the war, are to break down the "barriers" between nations and make of all mankind one divisionless brotherhood. What is a nation in the real world as—let us say—the Lodge sees it, and what should be its true functions? Can illustrations be given of the true purpose, functions, and destiny of existing nations?*

ANSWER.—"Internationalism" and "Leagues of Peace" surely must be included among verbal tokens: they have their value just as money and cowrie shells have theirs. But until the spiritual fact of Brotherhood is given a working reality among men, the divisions between the nations will be accentuated by every increase in material efficiency and prosperity. All these counters have their value in the point of view from which one looks at them. And if the standard is that of self-seeking and material prosperity, there will always be barriers between man and man, and between nation and nation. It requires the sacrifice of self in obedience to higher motives to enable a nation or an individual to enter a higher world, such as that in which the Lodge lives and works. Consequently the Lodge views a nation, surely, as the result and effect of the ideals which move and unite it, in place of the interests which separate it. It requires more knowledge than I possess to give such illustrations, but the student of history can estimate what ideals of devotion and self-sacrifice the nations have arisen with and striven for.

A. K.

ANSWER.—What a nation is in the real world—"as the Lodge sees it"—I do not know, but I will mention what I think about it.

As the real world is within or hid in the physical world, and as the real man is within or hid in the physical man, so the real nations are within or hid in the nations of the material world, the physical being the gross counterpart of the real.

And as there is an individuality or soul for each personality, so there is an individuality or soul for each nation. This latter individuality is one in many, a collective soul, consisting of all souls engaged in incarnation in that nation. And in addition to the soul there is, in the real world, for each personality, and for each nation, a Guardian Angel, who is ministering to the needs of the soul according to the will of the presiding Deity. It is this Deity, the Superintendent of all evolution, who by His ministers, the Guardians and Masters and Members of the Lodge—and according to the Great Law or Karma—is dividing mankind in races, tribes, nations, families and personalities, in order to provide such circumstances, opportunities and responsibilities as are necessary and most promote the purpose of the soul, whether collective or separate.

And as a queen-bee leaves one hive, followed by many of her nation, settles in another place and forms a new hive, a new bee-nation, so one part of a nation may declare its independence and form a new nation, a small one maybe, but all the same a nation. But the declaration of independence has already been settled in the real world, or else it could never have come to pass. Even a single person-

ality cannot alter his nationality unless it has, for some reason or purpose, been approved in the real world. Remember that "the hairs of your head are all numbered."

The nations are different fields parcelled out in families and their members. In due time and season, and according to the Law, the different seeds are sown in the proper soil by the heavenly husbandmen in order to bring forth fruit abundantly. The crops may be rich or poor, or there may be no crops at all, according to the will and work of the personality, whose purpose it is, at this stage of evolution, to develop the divine power of discernment between good and evil, between the immortal and the mortal, and of its own free will to choose between the misery of the ephemeral life of the little self, wrapped up in the selfishness of separate existence, and the bliss of immortal life in union with all other selves in the One Universal Self. And the means to attain to this goal are the repeated incarnations of the individuality under different circumstances in different races, nations, families, castes, and among people of different creeds. It depends on the needs of the soul, and the fruit brought home to it by the successive personalities, if a new personality is to be developed, what its character will be, and in what soil its seed is to be sown.

"The true purpose, functions and destiny of existing nations" seem therefore to be to serve as one of the means by which souls are unified, thus preparing mankind for the realization of the Universal Brotherhood on earth. And at the same time the reincarnating egos are again and again offered an opportunity to work out their salvation, or to seek union with the Over-Soul. When this union is perfect the egos are no longer bound to return to this field of action, but can as immortals remain forever in the real world. T. H. K.

ANSWER.—It has been said that "a true individuality is the complete embodiment of a single purpose." This must be as true of a nation as of a man, and perhaps we can get light on the true function of a nation in the eyes of the Lodge by trying to imagine the true function of an individual as the Lodge sees it.

It may help with the parallel to remember what Mr. Judge says of each one of us being made up of countless "lives" for which we are responsible. Each atom within us has life and consciousness of its own, yet each of us feels himself to be one and has no desire in the name of "brotherhood" to melt his personality into a conglomerate mass of atoms with his neighbors, and turn mankind into one great jelly-fish. J. M.

QUESTION No. 238.—*Is not the Karma of hopeless insanity very hard to understand? We know that the path is always open for the sinner to turn, but mental trouble seems like a door shut in the face.*

ANSWER.—It would be impossible to understand without the doctrine of reincarnation. Really "hopeless" insanity with no lucid intervals means the complete withdrawal of the soul from that personality. It is very hard on those who are left but it may be a great relief to a soul that has long struggled to maintain a slender and precarious hold on an untamed and abnormal personality.
T. B.